VOCAL POETRY,

OR

A SELECT COLLECTION

OF

ENGLISH SONGS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN ESSAY ON SONG WRITING,

BY JOHN AIKIN, M. D.

And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse.

MILTON.

BOSTON,

PUBLISHED BY J. BELCHER, CONGRESS STREET;
J. W. BURDITT AND CO. COURT STREET;
AND THOMAS AND WHIPPLE,
NEWBURYPORT.

1811.

PR1187
.A42
1811

29873

22-1708

Printed by J. Belcher.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Editor of this volume published, in 1772, *a work entitled "Essays on Song writing, with a Collection of such English Songs as are most eminent for poetical merit." The Essays were four in number: one on Song-writing in general; and one on each of the three classes into which the Collection of Songs was distributed. The pieces in the collection itself were rather select than numerous; and principally served as exemplifications of the ideas inculcated in the Essays relative to the character and diversities of this kind of poetical compositions. The volume was honoured with a reception which produced a demand for a second edition in* 1774. *For many years past, this impression has also been exhausted, and copies of the work have been only occasionally to be met with. As inquiries were still from time to time made after it among the booksellers, the Editor was asked the question whether he had any intention of re-*

printing it ; accompanied with the intimation, that, as the copy-right was expired, should he decline the business, others would be ready to undertake it. Conscious that the Essays were the juvenile attempts of one whose taste was by no means matured, and whose critical knowledge was circumscribed within narrow limits, the Editor was unwilling that his book should again be given to the public with all its imperfections on its head. He was obliged, therefore, to declare, that if it were reprinted at all, it should be with many material alterations, corresponding to his own change of taste and opinion in various points during so long an interval.

Under these almost compulsory circumstances, although he perhaps should not now have chosen for the first time to appear as the collector of productions, the general strain of which is more suitable to an earlier period of life, yet he thought he might without impropriety avail himself of the opportunity of making a new and much more extensive selection of compositions which will not cease to be favourites with the lovers of elegant poetry, whatever be the vicissitudes of general taste.

The Editor, therefore, in this volume, which is rather a new work, than the republication of an old one, has made it his leading object to col-

lect, from all the sources within his reach, those pieces of the song kind which seemed to him most deserving of a place in the mass of approved English poetry. And having with some care revised his notions respecting the character and distinctions of these compositions, he has prefixed a single Essay on Song writing, in which there is scarcely a sentence copied from his former work, but which is adapted to a new arrangement of the selected pieces, and expresses his present ideas on the subject. In the collection itself, the greatest part of the pieces which composed the former will be found, with the addition of so many as nearly to double the number—some of them written on topics of which that *gave no example.*

The volume, such as it is, is respectfully committed to the judgment, not of the same generation of readers which was so indulgent to the Editor's first attempt, but to one from which he has on various occasions experienced an equal degree of favour.

J. AIKIN.

July 20, 1810.

AN ESSAY

ON

SONG WRITING.

THE poetical composition termed a Song is essentially characterized by the circumstance of being adapted to vocal music; but this is applicable to pieces so various in their style and subject, that some discrimination is obviously requisite to afford a precise idea of the different kinds of productions which rank under this general head.

The alliance between poetry and music is of very ancient date, and appears originally to have been constant. The praises of gods and heroes, the triumphal strains of happiness and victory, and the lamentations of affliction and defeat, were sung in measure to the sound of the rude instruments which early art had invented in almost every country of which we possess historical records. In process of time,

however, as poetry became the vehicle of a wider range of sentiment, and of long continued narrative, the accompaniment of music was often found inconvenient, and a recitation more approaching to common speech was substituted; while the poetical character of the piece was sufficiently indicated by a peculiarity of diction, and the artifice of versification. How early this divorce took place is not ascertained; but it seems probable that the Homeric rhapsodies, at some distance from the age of the poet, were rather recited, than sung, before those to whom the tale of Troy was so interesting a topic. At least it is certain that in the later times of cultivated Greek and Roman poetry, the epic, didactic, pastoral, elegiac, and various other species of poetry were, as with us, simply read or repeated.

Still, however, a large class of compositions was reserved for association with musical tones, with the expressions of which their subjects were supposed peculiarly adapted to harmonize; and under the name of *Lyric poetry* (defined by Horace "verba socianda chordis") some of the most celebrated productions of the Greek and Latin Muses were the objects of general admiration in their own times, and have delighted all subsequent ages as far as those

languages have been cultivated. These, indeed, have come down to us detached from the vocal and instrumental notes to which they were originally united; but they are on that account better suited to serve as examples or comparisons for similar compositions of modern times, which are for the most part presented equally separate from the tunes that may have been once accommodated to them, and are merely regarded as pieces of poetry. It is obviously in this light that they must be considered when they have become part of the *poetical reading* of a country, addressed to the critical judgment of those, who may either be destitute of musical taste, or may never have heard the words actually sung or played. This must be the case with respect to almost all those pieces which can claim an antiquity beyond the present generation; for nothing is more short lived than the vocality of even the most fashionable song: of course, the greatest number of those distinguished for poetical merit must be dead to the singer, and existing only to the reader. And when we cast our eyes on the trash which modern musical composers seem in preference to select as the vehicles of their notes, we may be excused if, in treating on song writing as a species of poetry, we entirely neglect the circum-

stance of musical accompaniment, further than to regard it as essential that neither in point of length, nor measure, any obvious unfitness for being set to a tune should appear in a composition bearing the distinctive appellation of a *song*.

The Lyric poetry of the ancients comprehended a great variety of topics: indeed, it is not easy to say what is rejected that other poetry admitted, except the continued narrative of the Epic, and the methodical instruction of the Didactic. Homer (if the hymns ascribed to him be genuine,) and Callimachus, sung the praises of the gods: Pindar celebrated kings and the victors in the Grecian games, and also, as we learn from Horace, adapted to his lyre the pathetic incidents of domestic life. Alceus breathed the lofty sentiments of patriotic heroism. Horace himself mingles in his lyrical miscellany the heroical, the martial, the philosophical, the tender, the gay, and the amorous, and seems to adapt his measures with equal felicity to all. The range of *song*, however, as we understand the word, is more limited; for, relinquishing to the *ode* the more elevated subjects and elaborate exertions of the lyric muse, it chiefly confines itself to lighter topics, and especially delights to express the pleasures and pains of love, and the unre-

strained hilarity of the convivial board. Not that it entirely discards more serious arguments; but always having in view a real or possible union with vocal music, it regulates itself in its subjects, and the mode of treating them, by the usual occasions in which such music is called for. Hence it is precluded from the compass, digression, and inequality of measure, permitted to the ode; and for the same reason it adopts a simpler and more intelligible style of diction; not, however, rejecting the rich and glowing, when suited to the subject; and even demanding in most cases a high degree of polished elegance. But before we enter into further particulars relative to the arrangement and rules of construction of these compositions, it will be necessary to clear the way by disposing of the claims to kindred of an ambiguous species of production often confounded with a song, namely, the *ballad*.

There are few nations which do not possess records of the events of early times, especially of those in which the public or private valour has been signalized, in metrical narratives, stamped indeed with the rudeness of the ages that produced them, but capable by the force of association of exciting the most lively emotions. Singing these pieces to the sound of

some musical instrument has in many countries formed the sole occupation of a class of men, who thence have obtained high regard from persons of all ranks, and have been the constant attendants at solemn and social festivities. To these national subjects they frequently added legendary and marvellous tales, and remarkable adventures; every thing, in short, that could interest those who were strangers to all other intellectual gratification. Many of these metrical stories ran out to great length, almost reaching the measure of epic narration; but notwithstanding the monotony of a perpetually recurring tune and measure, they were eagerly listened to by the rustic hearers, whilst passing whole nights round the social hearth.

In process of time, as manners and language became more refined, and the art of writing brought the productions of the mind to a severer test than that of the ear, these rude performances lost their attraction with the superior ranks in society, and were succeeded by others displaying more skill and contrivance. And if the popularity of national stories rendered them still dear to the recollection, they were retold in newer and more polished diction, perhaps retrenched in their prolixity, and enlivened by touches of sentiment. The two editions of

the ballad of Chevy Chase, which may be seen and compared in Dr. Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," form an example of this alteration.

In the further progress of literary taste, these compositions came to be considered as objects of curiosity on account of the insight they afforded into the manners and modes of thinking of remote times; while the strokes of nature with which they abounded, and the artless simplicity and strength of their language, excited the admiration of liberal critics. When, therefore, they had long ceased to be current in popular song or recitation, they were carefully collected by poetical antiquaries, and elucidated by historical notes; and thus a secondary importance was attached to them, scarcely inferiour to that which they possessed when chanted to the harp of the itinerant minstrel. Admiration naturally produced imitation; and it became a trial of skill to counterfeit or copy these reliques of a distant age. The well known collection of Dr. Percy, above referred to, contains numerous specimens both of the genuine and the fictitious historical or narrative ballad, and was very efficacious in diffusing a taste for these compositions. They have, however, lately appeared with more advantage in the "Minstrel-

sy of the Scottish Border ;" and some of the imitations of these pieces have deviated into poetry of a high class. "Lord Ronald" and "Cadyow Castle" are among the most impressive of modern productions, and in their story and manner greatly surpass such attempts to soften and modernize the ballad, as William and Margaret, Colin and Lucy, and the Hermit of Goldsmith, though the reception given to these has justly entitled them to the character of pleasing performances. None of these, however, equal in beautiful and touching simplicity of language some of the French metrical pieces termed "Romances," especially those composed by Moncrif.

But we are now got beyond the limits of *song* properly so called, since it is evident that a great number of stanzas, sung to an uniformly repeated simple tune, would be insupportably tedious to modern ears ; whence such compositions must be considered as addressed merely to readers, and be referred to the class of minor poetry. There is, however, a numerous tribe of vocal productions which, if ballads be regarded as forming a division in song writing, must be ranked under it. These are the pieces in which the familiarity, and even vulgarity, of phrase of the old ballad, and its occasional lu-

dicrous imagery, have been adopted for the sake of humour or sarcasm, and with the express purpose of being circulated by the voice. Of these, the most copious source is party; and there has seldom been an occasion of political contest in countries permitting such freedoms, in which appeal has not been made to the popular feelings by means of comic and satirical ballads, often with great effect. The share that "Lilliburlero" had in promoting the Revolution in this country has been noticed by grave historians. In the war of the Fronde in France, ballads were a weapon as much employed as muskets, and those written for and against cardinal Mazarin filled several volumes. The French give to these compositions the appropriate title of *Vaudeville*, implying their fitness to *walk the streets;* and indeed street-poetry in general belongs to the ballad class. The greater number of these party productions are too coarse in their texture, and too temporary in their topics, to merit preservation. There are some, however, which from their humour and vivacity are still perused with pleasure; and the first wits have not disdained to amuse themselves with composing them. The ballads of Swift are excellent in their kind, and are distinguished by that happy

adaptation of familiar phraseology, and that facility of comic rhyming, for which he was so famous. No one better than he knew how to touch the feelings of the mob; and whilst he was addressing his "Drapier's Letters" to the coffee-house politician, he cried down Wood and his halfpence in the streets of Dublin by the aid of the ballad-singer. Of pieces of this class, however, I shall say no more than just to mention, as one of the most excellent, the popular song of the "Vicar of Bray," in which the pleasantry is directed rather against the trimmer between all parties, than the principles of any one party.

The narrative character of the ancient ballad has been preserved in a great number of modern pieces of this class which turn upon some comic adventure, or some incident in ordinary life, and the length of which does not in general exceed the limits allowable in a song. That there are violations of decorum in many of these, cannot be denied; yet in that respect they only partake of the taste of their age in more polished compositions; and they who could sit out all the dialogue of Congreve's "Love for Love," had no reason to retire when the sprightly ballad of "A Soldier and a Sailor" was introduced in it. In the preceding centu-

ry, the courtly Suckling gained great applause by his Wedding Ballad, "I'll tell thee, Dick, where I have been," which is, indeed, remarkable for the ease of its language and the liveliness of its imagery. Prior's "Thief and Cordelier" is as well known as his most elaborate productions. Gay, of whom Goldsmith happily said, that he had a strain of ballad-thinking, has exercised his talent for natural description and sentiment with great felicity in his well-known ballads of "All in the Downs," and "'Twas when the seas were roaring," the turn of which is rather tender and pathetic than gay; though some of his other ballads bear the latter character. Of the Scotch songs, a number are formed upon that humorous delineation of incidents in common life which is proper to the ballad, the diction of which they also imitate in the comic snd familiar cast of their dialect. That this dialect, however, is capable of the true pathetic, is evinced by the fine song or ballad of "Robin Gray," which has scarcely its equal for the touching effect of a story related in the most simple and unaffected manner, and with no exaggeration of feeling. To the list of pieces in which a little tale related in familiar language is adapted to vocal music, it gives me pleasure to add one of the latest pro-

ductions of a real genius, Mr. Scott, who, in his "Marmion," has presented an excellent specimen of the sprightly ballad, divested of vulgarity, yet preserving a characteristic ease and negligence.

Another class of compositions of this kind might be formed from those martial songs which have been written on particular occasions for the purpose of preserving the memory of great actions among the people, and rousing the national spirit. Naval exploits have among us been especially celebrated in those ditties, which have doubtless much contributed to the popularity of the maritime character. The sea-fight at La Hogue was the subject of a ballad well known a century ago, and still preserved in collections. "Hosier's Ghost," written by Glover, had the double purpose of panegyrizing the success of admiral Vernon, and exciting discontent with the pacific ministry which was unwilling to enter into a war with Spain. It is written in a more cultivated style than ordinary ballads, yet does not deviate from a proper simplicity. Many persons may now recollect the first appearance of the popular ballad of "Hearts of Oak," celebrating the triumphs of the glorious year fifty-nine, and have witnessed the warlike enthusiasm which

it inspired in the hearers. It may be thought a degradation to the famous national song "Rule, Britannia," to rank it among these compositions, since its writer, Thomson or Mallet, evidently intended to give it a lyrical elevation of style and sentiment. Its present use, however, assimilates it with the ordinary strains of street poetry; and it cannot be doubted that it has produced a great effect in accustoming Britons to the claim of *maritime empire*.

From the preceding observations relative to the different kinds of ballad writing, it would appear that the essential character of these productions consists in the narrative strain of the subject, joined to a familiarity of language, often, for comic effect, approaching to vulgarity, and always adapted to popular comprehension. It is, in fact, the vocal poetry of the lower classes; though sometimes its form is a mask put on for the purpose of giving a zest to wit and satire. It is usual to couple the words with some trivial tune already associated with vulgar humour; and in many ballads, as well as in the French vaudevilles, each stanza concludes with a whimsical combination of unmeaning syllables, called a *burden*.

There is another species of song, the ambiguous nature of which seems to entitle it to a

separate consideration—that resulting from the union of *pastoral* poetry with vocal music. Though the simplicity of language appropriated to these compositions might seem to refer them to the ballad class, yet they are separated from it by an essential character. Pastoral is a species of poetical fiction, in which the manners and sentiments are derived from an imaginary state of society very different from any thing existing in modern times; it is therefore totally opposite to that tale of real life which constitutes the proper ballad. Yet, as its pictures of natural objects are real, and the affections of the heart which it paints have an actual residence in the human breast, enough of probability is retained to render them interesting to every one whose heart and fancy are not shut against the tender emotions, and the images of rural beauty. When these ideas, therefore, have been transferred to song, such compositions have often become general favourites with persons of all degrees of mental culture; for they have naturally been clothed in language simple, but not coarse; and in their subjects have appealed to feelings common to all ranks. Byrom's well-known piece "My time, O ye Muses," first printed in the Spectator, has been familiarized to almost all readers of that

work, in consequence of some pleasing strokes of nature, though it contains some thoughts as strained and artificial as any thing in Italian pastoral. But poets of a much superiour class have exercised themselves in the pastoral song or ballad. Prior, Rowe, and Gay, have left specimens of this kind; the second of these, in my opinion, of superiour merit. His piece beginning "Despairing beside a clear stream" appears to me a very perfect example of that union of simple language with natural sentiment which best suits the kind of fiction adopted, and is capable of the most pathetic effects. Shenstone has since derived, perhaps, the principal share of his reputation from his performances in this walk, for which the tenderness of his feelings, and his exquisite taste for the beauties of rural nature, peculiarly qualified him. His "Pastoral Ballad in four parts," though unequal in its composition, has given much pleasure to all who were capable of entering into the delicacies of the soft passion in its purest form. Cunningham, his admirer and imitator, has at least equalled him in some pieces written in his manner. All pastoral poetry, however, it must be acknowledged, tends to a languor and insipidity proceeding from the monotony of the imagery and ideas, and the

radical want of that *reality* which is requisite for exciting a lively interest.

Having thus proceeded through the different forms of kindred and dubious compositions, we come at length to what I should term *song* properly so called, which, as a species of poetical writing, it is the principal purpose of this Essay critically to consider. If language and versification resembling the rude efforts of early poetry be the characteristic of the ballad, the song should be distinguished by the opposite qualities of polish and correctness. It likewise takes a general distinction from its subjects, which do not admit of continued narrative, but are, rather the expression of emotions and sentiments. A song, then, may be largely defined, *a short poem, divided into portions of returning measure, adapted to vocal music, and turning upon some single thought or feeling.* This definition, it will be perceived, leaves a wide scope for particular subjects; and indeed I know of no other limitation in this respect than such as arises from the propriety of introducing some topics, and excluding others, on the occasions in which song is usually in request. The ancients, whose theological system comprised deities of all functions and characters, could ally to the most jocund strains of the lyric Muse

the form of a hymn to Venus, Cupid or Bacchus. The purity of modern religion will not admit any union of that kind; and therefore, although devout hymns have synonymously been called Spiritual Songs, yet a broad line of distinction is drawn between them and the vocal strains meant for amusement. Moral topics, however, have not been entirely excluded from song writing, and several pleasing productions of this kind exist, in which content, moderation, and the tranquil enjoyment of life, are inculcated.

There is another fund of moral sentiment, if it may be so termed, from which both ancient lyric poetry and modern songs have drawn deeply. This is the epicurean system of ethics, which, from the consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of human affairs, derives an incentive to present pleasure. This theme we find perpetually recurring in the Odes of Anacreon and Horace, whence it has been transplanted into the gay and vocal poetry of modern times, of which it constitutes the prevailing strain of sentiment. In a certain temperate degree it coalesces with the rational philosophy before mentioned. When carried further, it may justly excite the censure of the moralist, whatever indulgence be

pleaded for it on the grounds of precedent and poetical fitness. Yet as Milton, in his "Comus" has not scrupled to let the advocate of pleasure be heard, and that, in very persuasive language, trusting to the counteraction of more solid arguments in favour of sobriety, it might perhaps be excess of rigour to banish from song poetry every lively effusion of this kind.

The pleasures which this lax morality of poets has been chiefly employed to excuse and vanish, have at all times been those of love and wine, allowable, indeed, in a certain degree to exhilarate the anxious lives of mortals, but always prone to pass the bounds of moderation. Music has lent a willing aid to these incitements; and the classes of amorous and drinking songs have in all languages been the most copiously furnished. There is, however, a great difference in the variety and compass of intellectual ideas afforded by these two sources of enjoyment. The bacchanalian has little more scope in his lyric effusions, than to ring changes upon the hilarity, or rather delirium, inspired by his favourite indulgence, which puts to flight all the suggestions of care and melancholy, and throws the soul into that state of felicity which springs from exalted animal spirits, and a temporary suspension of the reasoning

faculties. The essence, therefore, of this kind of pleasure, if such it can be called, is an excess—something gross and degrading adverse to thought, and therefore barren of sentiment. The ingenuity of poets has, indeed, connected it with a vivacity of imagination that is very captivating, especially when enforced by the presence of the flowing bowl and jovial companions; and it must be confessed that actual singing is seldom so heartily enjoyed as in the chorus of a convivial party. But, without such an accompaniment, the drinking song flattens upon the perusal, and its glowing expressions appear little better than extravagant. It is likewise apt to sink into coarseness and vulgarity; so that the more select collections of vocal poetry will bear but a small admixture of these compositions, which succeed so well in "setting the table in a roar."

Love, on the other hand, is an inexhaustible source of description and sentiment, in which all the faculties of the soul may be displayed in their operations, and almost every object in nature may find a place as an image of comparison or illustration. It can assume every different colour: it can be rapturous, tender, gay and ingenious; and under all these appearances can happily ally itself with the language of po-

etry and the tones of music. Love, therefore, in all ages and countries has afforded the most copious store of matter to song writers; and there is no circumstance belonging to this passion which has not been made the subject of either the grave or the lively strains of the lyrical Muse.

There is, however, a great difference in the manner in which different poets have treated on amatory topics. In early times, when poetry was the genuine and direct expression of the feelings of the heart, to give to this expression all the force of glowing language and imagery, united with the melody of versification, was the study of the poet, whether speaking in his own person, or in that of another. The admired specimen remaining of the strains in which Sappho poured forth the breathings of a soul devoted to the amorous passion is an example of the earnestness which nature, cultivated, but not distorted, dictates to those who really feel the emotions they undertake to describe. This natural mode of writing has been, and ever will be, adopted by ardent and sensible minds, and will excite sympathetic feelings in kindred bosoms, whatever may be the changes of fashion or the refinements of art. It is limited to no age or country; and its ideas are transfera-

ble from one language to another without alteration. A version from Sappho or Horace may appear as an English love-song; and in fact, such versions, or imitations of them, have stood at the head of those songs which, in an arrangement formed upon *manner* rather than *subject*, would class among the *passionate and descriptive*. In these pieces love appears in its various forms of desire, admiration, jealousy, hope, despair, suggesting a language warm, rich and figurative.

But in the progress of mental cultivation, it is always found that the love of refinement or the ambition of novelty causes various individuals in all the arts to desert the plain and original mode of exercising them, and substitute something of greater curiosity. Thus, in poetry, uncommon thoughts and fanciful conceptions have at certain periods taken place of natural description; and metaphysical subtleties have been pursued, to the neglect of the simple expressions of feeling. In no poetical department has this change of manner been more conspicuous than in Song writing. Already, in the sonnets and canzone of Petrarch and other Italians, had love assumed the character of an assemblage of strained and refined sentiments, derived from every artifical light in

which the passion and its objects could be viewed, and entertained rather as an exercise of the wit, than as a concern of the heart. This mode of treating it was copied by other nations as they advanced in lettered politeness; and the poems of which love was the subject became tissues of singular and far-fetched thoughts, often highly ingenious, but very remote from the suggestions of real passion. Song-writers commonly took up one of these thoughts, which after some turning and twisting, and perhaps adorning with a simile, they brought to a kind of epigrammatic point. Such is the idea of this composition inculcated by Ambrose Phillips in the Guardian, No. 26, and illustrated by two specimens. For the perfection of a song he requires "an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers, an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design;" and he further says that it "should be conducted like an epigram; and that the only difference between them is, that the one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually emp oyed upon satirical occasions, whereas the business of the other is to express

"Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine."

To the French, Phillips assigns the reputation of surpassing all nations in the excellence of their songs, though he intimates that they are apt to confound song with epigram. A similar confusion Congreve, in his "Double-Dealer," attributes to the lively coxcomb, Brisk, when he repeats a piece which he calls "an epigrammatic sonnet."

Now, although I cannot but be of opinion that song composed upon this principle deviates from the original model, and is less adapted to that union with music which enhances the power of both in exciting emotions, (for musical notes seem to have no correspondence with intellectual notions,) yet it must be acknowledged that many very pleasing productions have been the result of this idea of song-writing; and that, in a collection for reading, the class of *ingenious and witty songs* would be found peculiarly attractive.

In an arrangement of songs according to their subjects, a place would be claimed by the lovers of the chase for *Hunting-songs*, than which none are actually sung with higher glee, though their merit often arises more from the musical composer than the writer. Some of these are in the narrative strain, and rather belong to the ballad class. Many have a bacchanalian close,

which, doubtless, contributes to the animation with which they are rehearsed by the convivial party relaxing from the fatigues of the day.

It appears very strange that one of the divisions in English vocal compositions should be that of *Mad Songs*. I suspect these to be entirely national, corresponding to the mad characters which are so common in the dramatis personæ of our plays. The songs under this title are generally distinguished by an incoherent rant, which costs much less to the invention than the development and decoration of a rational idea. If a song can with any advantage be framed upon the supposed conceptions of a lunatic, it must be one in which some prevailing idea, the cause and essence of the madness, is pursued in a wild but not unconnected strain, with varied the fanciful imagery. The effect of such a piece, aided by suitable music, may be singularly touching; of which an example is given by the song of "The Maid in Bedlam." Some short, but very sweet and characteristic songs of this kind are assigned to the Bertha of Miss Baillie's "Ethwald."

It remains to add a few words on the sources whence the best English songs are to be derived.

It might be expected that the writers who have best succeeded in other poetical effusions would also excel in this ; for taste and genius are not confined to particular walks in the same art, but display themselves in all that they attempt. And in fact, when great poets have chosen to unbend in these minor exertions, they have generally exhibited the master-hand.

Among the occasional and miscellaneous poetry which forms a department in the works of our most eminent writers, are generally found some pieces of the song kind, not unworthy of their reputation. A greater number, however, are to be met with in the volumes of those minor poets whose powers or exertions have never reached to compositions of the highest order, but have been particularly employed on performances of the light and amusing class. Of these,

"———the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease,"

were examples ; though, for the most part, that ease degenerated into a negligence which prevented them from polishing their strains to the requisite degree. Their licentiousness, likewise, imparted a taint to most of their productions ; and even sometimes appeared in a

coarseness of language little corresponding with what might be expected in the style of men of fashion. Many sprightly and unexceptionable songs, however, have been composed by writers of the preceding description, both in earlier and later periods; and upon the whole, the works of the minor poets may be reckoned the most copious store of these pieces. Among these may be included such as have appeared, mostly anonymously, in collections of fugitive and miscellaneous poetry, often written by persons who have taken up the pen only for occasional amusement, but have been well qualified to bestow upon short compositions the care and polish requisite to give them value. Even the more respectable of the periodical publications afford specimens of song writing, the early attempts of young poets, which are pleasingly marked with the warm feelings and active imagination characteristic of that period of life.

Plays, particularly those of the last and the preceding century, frequently introduce songs in their scenes, some of which are composed in the best style. Congreve has one in each of his comedies; and indeed audiences at this time seem regularly to have expected such an addition to their entertainment. They were written sometimes by the dramatist himself,

and sometimes by a friend; and not unfrequently are superior in their kind to the piece which they accompany. It might have been expected that the modern introduction of comic operas on our stage, would have afforded an abundant store of approved songs, since musical airs are an essential part of those dramas; but, whether from the inferior poetical talents of those who have been employed in these works, or from the circumstance of the songs being written to the tunes, instead of these being composed to the songs, it is a fact, that very few are to be found in them deserving a place in a standing collection. Still less aid can be procured from the pieces written for the orchestras of the public gardens, and other places of amusement, which are for the most part extremely contemptible.

There is scarcely, I believe, any other instance of the composition of songs for the express purpose of forming part of a collection, than the recent one of Burns, whose latest poetical exertions were made for the service of a spirited collector of Scottish vocal poetry. Regarding his work as a national publication, he enriched it with many pieces of singular merit, both of the tender and the humorous kind; and indeed no modern poet seems to have possess-

ed so happy a talent for song writing, when his taste was not contaminated by his habits of vulgar excess.

From the different sources above enumerated, a number of these pleasing compositions may be selected, which will do honour to English genius, and are well entitled to preservation as a portion of the mass of national poetry, even independently of their association with some of the most agreeable strains of musical harmony. Such a selection has been the object of the present editor; and although he is well aware that an uniformity of judgment respecting the admission and rejection of particular pieces cannot be expected, he presumes to hope that he shall not be thought chargeable in general either with inserting mean, vulgar, and improper articles, or with omitting those of acknowledged and decided excellence. There exists, indeed, a numerous class of pieces of a middle rank, many of which, by musical or other associations, may have been rendered favourites to individual readers, who will be disappointed at not finding them in the list; but it has been much more a point with the editor to give a select than a comprehensive collection.

After much consideration respecting arrangement, the following plan was adopted as most correspondent with the editor's ideas.

The first place is allotted to *Pastoral Songs*, and a few of those compositions termed *Ballads*, which, in their manner and subject, have the greatest affinity with the pieces composing the body of the collection.

Of Songs more properly so called, the first division consists of the *Moral and Miscellaneous*. Of the former of these, such have been chosen as inculcate a kind of calm and reasonable philosophy, not so severe as to be inconsistent with the cheerfulness of vocal music in society, and corresponding with some of the sober strains of the Horatian lyre.

A very scanty assortment of *Convivial Songs* succeeds, dedicated to the festal board, and imitating the gaiety and freedom of the Anacreontic lays. It was impossible altogether to omit a class so universally received into Song collections; but as I feel no ambition to be regarded as a priest of Bacchus, I have limited my choice to a small specimen of those which have been inspired by wit and poetry, as well as by wine.

The great bulk of the volume is composed of *Amatory Songs*, which so much exceed all

others in number, that Cupid may be regarded as the peculiar deity of song writers. In these will be found every kind of expression of the passion of love, and the circumstances attending it; with the exception of such as would give just offence to delicacy. It has already been intimated that there have been two prevailing manners of treating on this affection by the authors of these compositions—the *passionate and descriptive*, and the *witty and ingenious*. Yet as they are frequently blended, so as to render it doubtful to which class a piece could with most propriety be referred, no absolute division into two classes has been attempted, but they have been arranged on the general idea of proceeding from the purely passionate to the purely ingenious, leaving a large intermediate space for those of dubious or complex character.

If I were to pronounce in what class of those compositions our English song writers have displayed the greatest degree of excellence, I should say, in that which contains the tender and ardent expression of the amorous passion; and particularly in those which describe the symptoms and indications of love—a topic originally derived from Sappho's celebrated ode, but dwelt upon with much additional detail of

circumstances in several of the pieces here inserted. I am mistaken if more truth and delicacy of representation can be met with in the amatory poets of any other language, ancient and modern; and it is pleasing to observe that many of the best specimens are distinguished by an air of sincerity and faithful attachment, equally remote from licentious heat and from frivolous gallantry.

Notes have been occasionally annexed to particular compositions by way of critical remark or information. The assignment of pieces to their respective authors has been made as correctly as my inquiries would enable me to do it; but there are still some of disputable property, and too many, even of the best, entirely anonymous.

I doubt not that every reader will be gratified by my concluding this Essay with the following piece from Mrs. Barbauld's Poems, addressed to me as the author of the work which was the predecessor of the present volume.—

THE

ORIGIN OF SONG WRITING.

.....

Illic indocto primum se exercuit arcu;
Hei mihi quam doctas nunc habet ille manus!

.....

When Cupid, wanton boy, was young,
His wings unfledged, and rude his tongue,
He loiter'd in Arcadian bowers,
And hid his bow in wreaths of flowers;
Or pierced some fond unguarded heart
With now and then a random dart;
But heroes scorn'd the idle boy,
And love was but a shepherd's toy:
When Venus, vext to see her child
Amidst the forests thus run wild,
Would point him out some nobler game,
Gods and godlike men to tame.
She seized the boy's reluctant hand,
And led him to the virgin band,
Where the sister Muses round
Swell the deep majestic sound,
And in solemn strains unite,
Breathing chaste, severe delight:
Songs of chiefs, and heroes old,
In unsubmitting virtue bold;

Of even valour's temperate heat,
And toils to stubborn patience sweet;
Of nodding plumes and burnisht arms,
And glory's bright terrific charms.

The potent sounds like lightning dart
Resistless through the glowing heart;
Of power to lift the fixed soul
High o'er fortune's proud control;
Kindling deep, prophetic musing,
Love of beauteous death infusing;
Scorn, and unconquerable hate
Of tyrant pride's unhallow'd state.
The boy abash'd and half afraid,
Beheld each chaste immortal maid:
Pallas spread her ægis there;
Mars stood by with threat'ning air;
And stern Diana's icy look
With sudden chill his bosom struck.

"Daughters of Jove, receive the child,"
The queen of beauty said and smiled:
(Her rosy breath perfumed the air,
And scatter'd sweet contagion there;
Relenting nature learnt to languish,
And sicken'd with delightful anguish:)
"Receive him, artless yet and young;
Refine his air, and smooth his tongue;
Conduct him through your fav'rite bowers,
Enrich'd with fair perennial flowers,
To solemn shades, and springs that lie
Remote from each unhallow'd eye;

Teach him to spell those mystic names
That kindle bright immortal flames;
And guide his young unpractised feet
To reach coy Learning's lofty seat."

Ah luckless hour! mistaken maids!
When Cupid sought the Muses' shades;
Of their sweetest notes beguiled
By the sly insidious child,
Now of power his darts are found
Twice ten thousand times to wound.
Now no more the slacken'd strings
Breathe of high immortal things,
But Cupid tunes the Muses' lyre
To languid notes of soft desire:
In every clime, in every tongue,
'Tis love inspires the poet's song.
Hence Sappho's soft infectious page;
Monimia's woe, Othello's rage;
Abandon'd Dido's fruitless prayer,
And Eloisa's long despair;
The garland, blest with many a vow,
For haughty Sacharissa's brow;
And, wash'd with tears, the mournful verse
That Petrarch laid on Laura's hearse.

But more than all the sister quire,
Music confess'd the pleasing fire.
Here sovereign Cupid reign'd alone;
Music and song were all his own.
Sweet as in old Arcadian plains,
The British pipe has caught the strains;

And where the Tweed's pure current glides,
Or Liffy rolls her limpid tides,
Or Thames his oozy waters leads
Through rural bowers or yellow meads,
With many an old romantic tale
Has cheer'd the lone sequester'd vale;
With many a sweet and tender lay
Deceived the tiresome summer day.

'Tis yours to cull with happy art
Each meaning verse that speaks the heart,
And fair array'd in order meet
To lay the wreath at Beauty's feet.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
A WRETCH long tortured with disdain,	216
Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit - -	250
Ah, how sweet it is to love! *Dryden.* - -	146
Ah stay! ah turn! ah whither would you fly, *Congreve.*	134
Ah! tell me not that jealous fear -- -	136
Ah! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh, *Wolcott.*	147
Ah! the shepherd's mournful fate! *Hamilton.*	113
Ah! why must words my flame reveal? -	124
Alexis shunn'd his fellow swains, *Prior.* -	68
All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd *Gay.*	55
All my past life is mine no more, *Rochester.*	234
As Amoret with Phyllis sat *Sir Car Scrope.*	173
As on a summer's day *Rowe.* - - -	64
As near a weeping spring reclined *Mrs. Barbauld.*	133
As the snow in valleys lying, - - -	247
Awake, awake, my lyre! *Cowley.* - -	210
Away, let nought to love displeasing, *G. Cooper.*	179
Blest as the immortal Gods is he, *A. Phillips.*	112
Born in yon blaze of orient sky, *Darwin.* -	101
Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art, *A. Phillips.*	204
Busy, curious, thirsty fly! - - -	107

By my sighs you may discover - - - 138
By the gaily-circling glass *Dalton.* - - 107

Can love be controled by advice? *Berkeley.* 174
Can loving father ever prove - - - 168
Celia, hoard thy charms no more— - - 243
Celia, too late you would repent, *Walsh.* - 248
Child, with many a childish wile, *Joanna Baillie.* 194
Chloe brisk and gay appears, - - - 243
Chloe's the wonder of her sex, *Lansdown.* - 238
Chloris, yourself you so excel *Waller.* - 257
Come, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled
Otway. 163
Come, dear Amanda! quit the town, - - 87
Come here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be
Mrs. Barbauld. 126
Come, let us now resolve at last
Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. 161
Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
Cunningham. 81
Come, tell me where the maid is found *Little.* 256
Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy, *Parrat.* - 141
Corinna cost me many a prayer, - - - 229
Corinna in the bloom of youth, *Lansdown.* 224
Cupid, forbear thy childish arts; - - 201
Cupid, instruct an amorous swain - - - 237
Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo her, *Congreve.* 217

Daphnis stood pensive in the shade, *Gay.* 66
Dear Chloe, while thus beyond measure - 177
Dear Colin, prevent my warm blushes, - - 226
Dear is my little native vale, *Rogers.* - 90

Despairing beside a clear stream, *Rowe.* - 62
Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes - - 221
Dried be that tear, my gentlest love, *Sheridan.* 135

Fair Amoret is gone astray, *Congreve.* - 218
Fair, and soft, and gay, and young, - - 169
Fickle bliss, fantastic treasure, - - - 202
For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove *Thomson.* 176
From all uneasy passions free,
Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. 161
From her, alas! whose smile was love, *Wolcott.* 114
From place to place, forlorn, I go *Steele.* - 166
From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly, *A. Seward.* 154

Gentle air, thou breath of lovers, - - 195
Give me more love or more disdain; *Carew.* 219
Go, lovely rose! *Waller.* - - - - 232
Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair *Hamilton.* 157
Go tell Amynta, gentle swain, *Dryden.* - 115
Good madam, when ladies are willing,
Lady M. W. Montagu. 227

Hail to the myrtle shade, *Lee.* - - - 153
Hard is the fate of him who loves, *Thomson.* 129
Have you not seen the timid tear *Little.* - 260
He that loves a rosy cheek, *Carew.* - - 190
Honest lover, whosoever, *Suckling.* - 122
How bright the sun's declining rays *J. Conder.* 185

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair, - - 208
I did but look and love awhile, *Otway.* - 140
I have a silent sorrow here, *R. B. Sheridan.* 166

I mark'd his madly-rolling eye, *W.* - - 103
I pr'ythee send me back my heart, *Suckling.* 212
I talk'd to my fluttering heart, *Laura S. Temple.* 95
I tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
Congreve. 223
If in that breast, so good, so pure, *Sir J. Moore.* 137
If truth can fix thy wavering heart, *Garrick.* 233
If ever thou dist joy to bind *Mrs. Barbauld.* 131
It is not, Celia, in our power *Etheridge.* - 209
If Love and Reason ne'er agree - - - 187
If the quick spirit of your eye *Carew.* - 249
If wine and music have the power, *Prior.* - 121
In Chloris all soft charms agree, *John Howe.* 219
In vain you tell your parting lover *Prior.* - 117
In vain, dear Chloe, you suggest *Wolcott.* - 258
In vain, fond youth! thy tears give o'er - 182
It was a winter's evening, and fast came down
the snow - - - - - *J. A.* 58

Kitty's charming voice and face - - 151

Late when love I seem'd to slight, - - 249
Laura, thy sighs must now no more *W. Smyth.* 183
Lesbia, live to love and pleasure, *Langhorne.* 142
Let ambition fire thy mind, *Congreve.* - 91
Let not love on me bestow *Steele.* - - 225
Let the ambitious favour find *Dorset.* - 160
Love arms himself in Celia's eyes - - - 196
Love still has something of the sea *Sedley.* 220
Love 's a dream of mighty treasure - - 238
Love 's but the frailty of the mind *Congreve.* 217
Lucy, I think not of thy beauty, *Matilda Betham.* 93

Mirth! be thy mingled pleasures mine, *Sotheby.* 111
Mortals, learn your lives to measure - 106
My banks they are furnish'd with bees, *Shenstone.* 74
My dear mistress has a heart *Rochester.* - 159
My love was fickle once and changing, - 205

No glory I covet, no riches I want, - - 84
Not, Celia, that I juster am *Sedley.* - - 209
Not on beds of fading flowers *Dalton.* - - 90
Now see *my* goddess, earthly born, - - 144

O clear that cruel doubting brow!
Bryan Edwards. 241
O memory! thou fond deceiver, *Goldsmith.* 92
O Nancy, wilt thou go with me, *Percy.* - 180
O Nymph! of Fortune's smiles beware *Wolcott.* 198
O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare, - - *Cunningham.* 82
Oft on the troubled ocean's face - - - 162
Oh! Henry, sure by every art *W. Smyth.* 184
Oh! turn away those cruel eyes, - - 244
Oh! what is the gain of restless care, *W. Smyth.* 87
Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Walter Scott. 59
On Belvidera's bosom lying, *A. Phillips.* - 203
On every hill, in every grove, *Dalton.* - 116
One morning very early, one morning in the spring, - - - - - - - - 57

Preach not to me your musty rules, *Dalton.* 106
Prepared to rail, resolved to part, *Lansdown.* 162

Pretty parrot, say, when I was away, - 239
Pursuing beauty, men descry - - - 255

Round Love's Elysian bowers *Montgomery.* 194

Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Waller. 251
Say, Myra, why is gentle love *Lyttleton.* - 210
Say not, Olinda, I despise - - - - 197
Say, sweet carol! who are they *Joanna Baillie.* 99
Send home my long-stray'd eyes to me, *Donne.* 230
Shall I, wasting in despair, *G. Wither.* - 206
She loves, and she confesses too; *Cowley.* - 252
Should some perverse malignant star - 259
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, *Burns.* 164
Stella and Flavia every hour *Mrs. Pilkington.* 257
Still to be neat, still to be drest, *B. Jonson.* 191
Strephon has fashion, wit and youth,
Mrs. Taylor. 200
Strephon, when you see me fly - - - 139
Swain, thy hopeless passion smother, - - 236
Sweet maid, I hear thy frequent sigh, *Mrs. Opie.* 134

Take, oh take those lips away - - - 229
Tease me no more, nor think I care *Dr. Glynn.* 222
Tell me no more how fair she is;
King, Bishop of Chichester. 154
Tell my Strephon that I die; - - - 165
That which her slender waist confined *Waller.* 231
The gloomy night is gathering fast, *Burns.* 97
The Graces and the wandering Loves - - 193

The heavy hours are almost past *Lyttleton.* 120
The merchant to secure his treasure *Prior.* 245
The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower, *Cowper.* - - - - 94
The shape alone let others prize, *Akenside.* 149
The sun was sunk beneath the hill, - - 70
The tears I shed must ever fall! *Miss C.* 130
The thirsty earth drinks up the rain, *Cowley.* 109
The wretch condemn'd with life to part *Goldsmith.* 92
The wretch O let me never know *Wolcott.* 182
There is one dark and sullen hour - - 167
There lives a lass upon the green, - - 189
Think no more, my gentle maid, *J. A.* - 175
Tho' cruel you seem to my pain, *Carey.* - 170
Thro' groves sequester'd, dark and still, *Hawkesworth.* 85
Thy fatal shafts unerring move, *Smollet.* - 113
'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes, 148
'Tis now, since I sat down before *Suckling.* 253
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb *Collins.* - - 98
To the brook and the willow that heard him complain, - - - - - *Rowe.* 65
Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes *Soame Jenyns.* 137
'Twas when the seas were roaring, *Gay.* - 53

Vain are the charms of white and red *Pulteney, E. of Bath.* 243

Waft me, some soft and cooling breeze, *Lansdown.* 88

What beauties does Flora disclose! - - 71
What dreaming drone was ever blest *W. Smyth.* 102
What man in his wits had not rather be poor, 86
What! put off with one denial, - - - 225
What shade and what stillness around! *Wolcott.* 212
When charming Teraminta sings, - - - 159
When clouds that angel face deform,
Theoph. Swift. 201
When Delia on the plain appears *Lyttleton.* 123
When fair Serena first I knew, *T. Seward, M. A.* 234
When Fanny blooming fair *Chesterfield.* - 143
When first I sought fair Celia's love,
Soame Jenyns. 228
When first I saw thee graceful move, - - 140
When first upon your tender cheek
Mrs. Barbauld. 188
When gentle Celia first I knew, *Mrs. Barbauld.* 186
When I drain the rosy bowl *Fawkes.* - 108
When lovely woman stoops to folly, *Goldsmith.* 93
When Orphus went down to the regions below,
Lisle. 242
When Sappho tuned the raptured strain, *Smollet.* 157
When your beauty appears *Parnel.* - - 173
Whence comes my love? O heart! disclose:
Sir J. Harrington. 192
While from my looks, fair nymph, you guess 119
While in the bower with beauty blest - 156
While silently I loved, nor dared - - - 205
While, Strephon, thus you tease one *Whistler.* 149
While Strephon in his pride of youth - - 215
Whilst I fondly view the charmer, - - 213
Why, cruel creature, why so bent *Lansdown.* 176

Why, Delia, ever while I gaze - - - 118
Why, lovely charmer, tell me why, - - 199
Why so pale and wan, fond lover? *Suckling.* 191
Why we love, and why we hate, *Phillips.* 226
Why will Delia thus retire,
Lady M. W. Montagu. 240
Why will Florella, while I gaze, - - 260
Why will you my passion reprove? *Shenstone.* 77
Wine, wine in the morning - - - - 110
Woman, thoughtless, giddy creature, - 215
Wouldst thou know her sacred charms *Hamilton.* 151

Ye happy swains, whose hearts are free
Etheridge. 172
Ye little loves, that round her wait - - 236
Ye mariners of England, *Campbell.* - - 104
Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay
plain, - - - - - *Hamilton.* 171
Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay, *Shenstone.* 79
Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay, *Shenstone.* 72
Ye virgin powers, defend my heart - - 199
Yes, fairest proof of beauty's power, *Prior.* 116
Yes, Fulvia is like Venus fair, *Shenstone.* 222
Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now, *Whitehead.* 235
You tell me that you truly love; - - 128
Young I am, and yet unskilled - - - 197

BALLADS

AND

PASTORAL SONGS.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined:
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look,
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let a lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

"The merchant robb'd of treasure
Views tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'll find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes those rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying
Thus wail'd she for her dear,
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she 'spied;
Then like a lily drooping
She bow'd her head and died.

GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed SUSAN came on board,
"O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet WILLIAM sails among your crew?

WILLIAM, who high upon the yard
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
The cord glides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark high poised in air
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy WILLIAM's lips those kisses sweet.

"O SUSAN, SUSAN, lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away
At every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus, every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely SUE.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty SUSAN mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet free from harms
WILLIAM shall to his dear return:
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from SUSAN's eye."

The boatswain gives the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;
No longer must she stay on board,
They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries, and waved her lily hand.

GAY.

ONE morning very early, one morning in the spring,
I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing;
Her chains she rattled on her hands while sweetly thus sung she;
"I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

"O cruel were his parents who sent my love to sea!
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love from me!
Yet I love his parents since they're his, although they've ruin'd me;
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

"O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly;
To guard him from all dangers how happy should I be!
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

"I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love when he returns from sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

"Oh, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast,
Or if I were a nightingale to sing my love to rest!

To gaze upon his lovely eyes all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

"Oh, if I were an eagle to soar into the sky!
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might spy;
But ah! unhappy maiden, that love you ne'er shall see:
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me."

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:

"Oh! cruel was my father, that shut this door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight did see,
And cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with cold,
But crueler than all, the lad that left my love for gold.

"Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast:
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're distrest!
For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

"Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone;
Oh! let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down.
My tears that gush so warm, oh! they freeze before they fall:
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now bereft of all!"

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,
And wrung with killing anguish lamented loud her woe;
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side,
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head and died.*

J. A.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Thro' all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stoop'd not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;

* The editor would not have ventured to insert a composition of his own in a select collection, had it not already been received with marks of the public approbation. It is scarcely necessary to point out an imitation of the preceding piece in its manner; though not in its subject.

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair ELLEN of brave LOCHINVAR.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never a word)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord LOCHINVAR?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young LOCHINVAR."

The bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young LOCHINVAR.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;

And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young LOCHINVAR."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young LOCHINVAR.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young LOCHINVAR?*

WALTER SCOTT.

* This excellent specimen of the narrative ballad in its gay and sprightly form, is by the writer, in his fine poem of "Marmion," represented as sung by the fascinating Lady Ford before the king of Scotland.

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid,
And whilst a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head;
The wind that blew over the plain
To his sighs with a sigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

"Alas! silly swain that I was!"
Thus sadly complaining he cried;
"When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue,
When she smiled 'twas a pleasure too great;
I listen'd, and cried, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

"How foolish was I to believe
She would dote on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the town!
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
To go clad like our maidens in gray,
And live in a cottage on love!

"What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have crown'd?

What tho', when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah, COLIN, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign,
Thy fair one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

"And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid:
Tho' thro' the wide world we should range,
'Tis in vain from our fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false, and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

"If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground:
The last humble boon that I crave
Is to shade me with cypress and yew,
And when she looks down on my grave
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

"Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day:
While COLIN forgotten and gone,
No more shall be heard of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green." ROWE.

As on a summer's day
In the greenwood shade I lay,
The maid that I lov'd,
As her fancy mov'd,
Came walking forth that way.

And as she passed by,
With a scornful glance of her eye,
"What a shame," quoth she,
"For a swain must it be,
Like a lazy loon for to lie!

"And dost thou nothing heed
What Pan our god has decreed;
That a prize to-day
Shall be given away
To the sweetest shepherd's reed?

"There's not a single swain
Of all this fruitful plain,
But with hopes and fears
Now busily prepares
The bonny boon to gain.

"Shall another maiden shine
In brighter array than thine?
Up, up, dull swain,
Tune thy pipe once again,
And make the garland mine."

"Alas! my love," I cried,
"What avails this courtly pride?
Since thy dear desert
Is written in my heart,
What is all the world beside?

"To me thou art more gay
In this homely russet gray,
Than the nymphs of our green,
So trim and so sheen,
Or the brightest queen of May.

"What tho' my fortune frown,
And deny thee a silken gown;
My own dear maid,
Be content with this shade
And a shepherd all thy own."

ROWE.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain,
Ah willow! willow!
Poor COLIN went weeping, and told them his pain.
"Sweet stream," he cried, "sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
And the waters shall rise to the brink with my woe.
All restless and painful my CELIA now lies,
And counts the sad moments of time as it flies.
To the nymph, my heart's love, ye soft slumbers, repair,
Spread your downy wings o'er her, and make her your care;

Let me be left restless, mine eyes never close,
So the sleep that I lose give my dear one repose.
Sweet stream! if you chance by her pillow to creep,
Perhaps your soft murmurs may lull her to sleep.
But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
And the loss of my charmer the fates have decreed,
If no more my sad heart by those eyes shall be cheer'd;
If the voice of my warbler no more shall be heard;
Believe me, thou fair-one, thou dear-one, believe,
Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give;
One fate to thy COLIN and thee shall betide,
And soon lay thy shepherd down by thy cold side.
Then glide, gentle brook, and to lose thyself haste,
Fade thou, too, my willow; this verse is my last:
Ah willow! willow! Ah willow! willow!"*

ROWE.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across and head reclined;
Pale looks accused the cruel maid,
And sighs relieved his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay,
Looks, sighs, and actions seem'd to say,
"My CHLOE is unkind.

* This piece, written by the author on the occasion of the illness of the lady he afterwards married, has all the pathetic of real feeling, though under the garb of pastoral fiction.

"Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
I faintly hear, in your sweet notes,
My CHLOE's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you your song forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear,
But CHLOE mine disdains."

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
"I feel the sound; my heart-strings move:
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No, 'tis my CHLOE's sweeter tongue,
Hark, hark! what says my love?"

"How foolish is the nymph," she cries,
"Who trifles with her lover's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O DAPHNIS, DAPHNIS, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love denied;
Come back, dear youth, again.

"As t'other day my hand he seized,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeased,
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain,—
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too.

"'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blamed,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek:
Think not thy skill in song defamed,
That lip should other pleasures seek:
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

"My heart forebodes that I'm betray'd;
DAPHNIS, I fear, is ever gone;
Last night with DELIA's dog he play'd;
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey,
Ah CHLOE, thou art won!"

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing CHLOE lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confused, she knew not what to say.
At last, in broken words she cried,
"To-morrow you in vain had tried,
But I am lost to-day!" GAY.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wandering thro' the lonely rocks
He nourish'd endless wo.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came,
His grief some pity, others blame,
The fatal cause all kindly seek;
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly tears,
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe;
She ask'd, but with an air and mien
That made it easily foreseen
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd raised his mournful head,
"And will you pardon me," he said,
"While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast should tear,
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

"Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain,
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my heart,
I love and I despair."

"Too much, Alexis, have I heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd,

And yet I pardon you," she cried;
"But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain."
He bow'd, obey'd, and died. PRIOR.

THE sun was sunk beneath the hill,
The western clouds were lined with gold,
Clear was the sky, the wind was still,
The flocks were penn'd within the fold;
When in the silence of the grove
Poor DAMON thus despair'd of love.

"Who seeks to pluck the fragrant rose
From the hard rock or oozy beach,
Who from each weed that barren grows
Expects the grape or downy peach,
With equal faith may hope to find
The truth of love in womankind.

"No herds have I, no fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain;
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

"How wretched is the faithful youth!
Since women's hearts are bought and sold:
They ask no vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for gold.

Gold can the frowns of scorn remove :
But I am scorn'd—who have but love.

"To buy the gems of India's coast
What wealth, what riches would suffice ?
Yet India's shore should never boast
The lustre of thy rival eyes ;
For there the world too cheap must prove ;
Can I then buy ?—who have but love.

"Then, MARY, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more
Than gems or ore a heart sincere :
Let treasure meaner beauties move :
Who pays thy worth must pay in love."

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose !
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed !
But MARY'S, still sweeter than those,
Both nature and fancy exceed.
No daisy nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,
Such beauty and pleasure can yield.

The warblers are heard in each grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove
With music enchant every bush.

Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does MARY not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest,
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed:
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

A PASTORAL BALLAD IN FOUR PARTS.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam,
Should CORYDON'S happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
  Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I:
  I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove
  With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire, and to love,
  And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
  And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
  I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewell.

Since PHYLLIS vouchsafed me a look,
  I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
  If I knew of a kid that was mine!
I prized every hour that went by,
  Beyond all that had pleased me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
  And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain?
  Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
  Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
They tell me, my favourite maid,
  The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
  I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forgo,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought, but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gazed, as I slowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relic away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely removed from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relic I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the harebells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:

Not a beech's more beautiful green,
  But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
  More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
  But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
  To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
  But I hasted and planted it there.
Oh how sudden the jessamine strove
  With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
  To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
  What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
  From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
  Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
  As she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
  I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
  She will say 'twas a barbarous deed:
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
  Who could rob a poor bird of its young:

And I loved her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to a dove;
That it ever attended the bold,
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmoved when her CORYDON sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease!
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my PHYLLIDA stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle, as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
  Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
  She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
  With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
  She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
  Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain
  That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
  Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
  But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
  Any favour with Phyllis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
  Might she ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dresses his hair,
  And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe—oh my Phyllis beware
  Of a magic there is in the sound!

'Tis his with mock passion to glow;
  'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,

How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"O PHYLLIS," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a shower?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
Then the rose is deprived of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy despise;
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a stranger to PARIDEL's tongue:

Yet may she beware of his art!
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do, but to stray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair, and my passion begun;
She smiled, and I could not but love:
She is faithless, and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it is plain to foresee
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be CORYDON's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smiled, and I could not but love;
Was faithless, and I am undone!

SHENSTONE.

To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our loved Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain:
In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell:
He cultured the thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins than play'd at his feet,
Go bleat, and your master bemoan:
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring
Can greet the gay season no more.

His PHYLLIS was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envied his lays,
But which of them equall'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my CORYDON's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

CUNNINGHAM.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren and bare,
As wilder'd and wearied I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home:
Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on the floor;
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best,
While thrown off my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes: she sweetly replied,
(Ye virgins, her voice was divine,)
"I've rich ones rejected, and great ones denied,
Yet take me, fond shepherd, I'm thine."

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
  So simple, yet sweet were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
  And lock'd the loved maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep;
  And if on the banks, by the stream,
Reclined on her bosom I sink into sleep,
  Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
  Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distills,
  And mark out new themes for my Muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
  The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well known for her sire,
  And shepherds have named her CONTENT.

CUNNINGHAM.

MORAL

AND

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display
Unenvied I'll challenge my part!
For every fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

THROUGH groves sequester'd, dark and still,
Low vales and mossy cells among,
In silent paths, the nameless rill
With liquid murmurs steals along:

Awhile it plays with circling sweep,
And lingering winds its native plain;
Then pours impetuous down the steep,
And mingles with the boundless main.

O let my years thus devious glide
Through silent scenes obscurely calm;
Nor wealth nor strife pollute the tide,
Nor honour's sanguinary palm.

When labour tires, and pleasure palls,
Still let the stream untroubled lie,
As down the steep of age it falls,
And mingle with eternity.

HAWKESWORTH.

WHAT man in his wits had not rather be poor,
Than for lucre his freedom to give;
Ever busy the means of his life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live!

Environ'd from morning to night in a crowd,
Not a moment unbent, or alone;
Constrain'd to be abject, though never so proud,
And at every one's call but his own!

Still repining and longing for quiet each hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the means of enjoying his wish in his power,
But accurst with his wanting the will!

For a year must be past, or a day must be come,
Before he has leisure to rest:
He must add to his store this or that pretty sum,
And then will have time to be blest.

But his gains, more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the desire of his eye:
Such a wretch let mine enemy live, if he please,
But not even my enemy die.

Oh! what is the gain of restless care,
And what is ambition's treasure,
And what are the joys that the modish share
In their haunts of sickly pleasure?

The shade with its silence,—oh! is it not sweet,
And to lie in the sun by the fountain,
And the wild-flower's scent at the eve to meet,
And to rove o'er the heath and the mountain?

Oh! where is the morning seen to rise,
The violet mark'd as 'tis springing,
The zephyr heard as at eve it sighs,
The blackbird loved for its singing!
Oh! there alone can the heart be gay,
The thought be free from sorrow,
And soft the night, and short the day,
And welcome again the morrow.*

W. Smyth.

Come, dear Amanda! quit the town,
And to the rural hamlets fly;
Behold, the wintry storms are gone,
A gentle radiance glads the sky:

* From a very elegant volume of Poems entitled "English Lyrics."

The birds awake, the flowers appear,
Earth spreads a verdant couch for thee;
'Tis joy and music all we hear;
'Tis love and beauty all we see.

Come! let us mark the gradual spring,
How peep the buds, the blossom blows,
Till Philomel begins to sing,
And perfect May to spread the rose.
Let us secure the short delight,
And wisely crop the blooming day;
For soon, too soon, it will be night:
Arise, my love! and come away.

WAFT me, some soft and cooling breeze,
To Windsor's shady kind retreat,
Where sylvan scenes, wide-spreading trees,
Repel the raging dog-star's heat:

Where tufted grass and mossy beds
Afford a rural calm repose;
Where woodbines hang their dewy heads,
And fragrant sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames, that flows fast by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And through the flowery meadows strays.

His fertile banks with herbage green,
  His vales with smiling plenty swell;
Where'er his purer stream is seen
  The gods of health and pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding wave
  With naked arm once more divide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
  And stem thy gently rolling tide.

Lay me with damask roses crown'd
  Beneath some ozier's dusky shade,
Where water lilies paint the ground,
  And bubbling springs refresh the glade.

Let chaste CLARINDA too be there
  With azure mantle lightly drest;
Ye nymphs, bind up her silken hair;
  Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting breast.

O haste away, fair maid! and bring
  The Muse, the kindly friend to love;
To thee alone the muse shall sing
  And warble thro' the vocal groves.

LANSDOWNE.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle bowers
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound,
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent green-wood shade;
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.*

ROGERS.

NOT on beds of fading flowers
Shedding soon their gaudy pride,
Nor with swains in Syren bowers
Will true pleasure long reside.

* The supposed scene of this elegant piece is in Italy.

On awful Virtue's hill sublime
Enthroned sits th' immortal fair;
Who wins her height must patient climb;
The steps are peril, toil, and care:
So from the first did Jove ordain
Eternal bliss for transient pain.*

DALTON.

JUNO'S SONG

IN THE JUDGEMENT OF PARIS.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to reign;
Not to follow flocks design'd;
Scorn thy crook and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet;
Thou on necks of kings shall tread;
Joys in circles joys shall meet
Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasures are;
Thou shalt only know delight,
All the joy, but not the care.

* The sentiment in this song, which is introduced in the alteration of Comus for the stage, is borrowed from a noted passage in Hesiod.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow,
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

CONGREVE.

THE wretch condemn'd with life to part
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Illumes and cheer's the way,
And still as darker grows the night
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:

Thou, like the world, th' oppress oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing
In thee must ever find a foe.

GOLDSMITH.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can sooth her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.*

GOLDSMITH.

Lucy, I think not of thy beauty;
I praise not each peculiar grace:
To see thee in the path of duty,
And with that happy smiling face,
Conveys more pleasure to thy friend
Than any outward charm can lend.

I see thy grateful babes caress thee;
I mark thy wise maternal care;
And sadly do the words impress me,
The heartless words, that thou art fair:

* For elegant simplicity of language, harmony of versification, and pointed neatness of composition, there are not, perhaps, to be found in the language two more finished stanzas than these, which are introduced in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

I wonder that a tongue is found
To utter the unfeeling sound.

For art not thou above such praises?
And is this all that they can see?
Poor is the joy such flattery raises,
And oh! how much unworthy thee!
Unworthy one whose heart can feel
The voice of truth, the warmth of zeal.

O Lucy! thou art snatch'd from folly,
Become too tender to be vain:
The world—it makes me melancholy—
The world would lure thee back again;
And it would cost me many sighs
To see it win so bright a prize.

Tho' passing apprehensions move me,
I know thou hast a noble heart:
But, Lucy, I so truly love thee,
So much admire thee as thou art,
That but the shadow of a fear
Wakes in my breast a pang sincere.

MATILDA BETHAM.

THE Rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna convey'd;
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

"And such," I exclaim'd, "is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind;
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

"This elegant Rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address
May be follow'd, perhaps, by a smile."

COWPER.

THE MANSION OF REST.

I TALK'D to my fluttering heart,
And chided its wandering ways;
I told it from folly to part,
And husband the best of its days:
I bade it no more to admire
The meteors that fancy had drest,
I whisper'd, 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
"Oh! come then," she cried with a smile,
"And Friendship shall point out your way."
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her guest;
"Never more," I exclaim'd, "will I roam
In quest of a Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly,
Not long was my fancy beguiled;
And shortly I own'd, with a sigh,
That Friendship could stab while she smiled:
Yes—coldly could stab the repose
Of the trusting and innocent breast,
And every fair avenue close
That led to a Mansion of Rest.

Love next urged my footsteps to stray
Thro' the wildering paths of Romance;
But I started and turn'd me away
From his bright and enamouring glance;
For reflection had taught me to know,
That the soul by his sorc'ry possest
Might toss on the billows of woe,
But ne'er find a Mansion of Rest.

Still in search of the phantom call'd Joy,
Stern Reason I met on my way;
I shrank from the beam of her eye,
Yet its lustre illumined my day:

"Behold," she exclaim'd, "yonder grave
With the flowers of the woodland bedrest,
Where darkly the cypresses wave:
Lo! that is the Mansion of Rest."

LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain:
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her ripening corn
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid azure sky
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave;
I think upon the stormy wave
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billows roar,
'Tis not the fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:

But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
Those bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those!
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr!*

BURNS.

To fair FIDELE's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

* This pathetic piece, the genuine expression of the writer's own feelings, was written when he had taken a resolution to quit his native country for the West Indies, in consequence of the difficulties in which he was involved.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
But female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds and beating rain
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or 'midst the chase upon the plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till pity's self be dead.*

COLLINS.

MORNING AND EVENING.

SAY, sweet carol! who are they
Who cheerly greet the rising day?
Little birds in leafy bower;
Swallows twitt'ring on the tower;

* Written as a Dierge on the supposed death of Imogen, in Shakespear's "Cymbeline."

Larks upon the light air borne;
Hunters roused with shrilly horn;
The woodman whistling on his way;
The new-waked child at early play,
Who barefoot prints the dewy green,
Winking to the sunny sheen;
And the meek maid who binds her yellow hair,
And blithely doth her daily task prepare.

Say, sweet carol! who are they
Who welcome in the evening gray?
The housewife trim, and merry lout,
Who sit the blazing fire about;
The sage a-conning o'er his book;
The tired wight in rushy nook,
Who, half asleep, but faintly hears
The gossip's tale hum in his ears;
The loosen'd steed in grassy stall;
The Thanies feasting in the hall;
But most of all the maid of cheerful soul,
Who fills her peaceful warrior's flowing bowl.*

JOANNA BAILLIE.

* Introduced in the tragedy of "Ethwald," act ii. The beautiful imagery in this song is accommodated to the time of the Saxon Heptarchy.

TO MAY.

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For Thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For Thee descends the sunny shower,
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces, drest in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe Joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, Goddess of the Spring.*

Darwin.

* This piece, which possesses all the brilliancy and high finish characteristic of the author's poetry, is inserted in "The Botanic Garden," part ii.

THE SOLDIER.

What dreaming drone was ever blest
By thinking of the morrow?
To day be mine—I leave the rest
To all the fools of sorrow:
Give me the mind that mocks at care,
The heart, its own defender;
The spirits that are light as air,
And never beat surrender.

On comes the foe—to arms—to arms—
We meet—'tis death or glory:
'Tis victory in all her charms,
Or fame in Britain's story:
Dear native land! thy fortunes frown,
And ruffians would enslave thee:
Thou land of honour and renown,
Who would not die to save thee?

'Tis you, 'tis I, that meets the ball;
And me it better pleases
In battle with the brave to fall,
Than die of cold diseases;
Than drivel on in elbow chair,
With saws and tales unheeded,
A tottering thing of aches and care,
Nor longer loved nor needed.

But thou—dark is thy flowing hair,
Thine eye is with fire streaming;
And o'er thy cheek, thy looks, thine air,
Health sits in triumph beaming:
Thou, brother soldier, fill the wine,
Fill high the wine to beauty;
Love, friendship, honour, all are thine,
Thy country and thy duty.

W. SMYTH.

WAR SONG.

I MARK'D his madly-rolling eye,
I caught its furious blood-red flame,
I saw their panic squadrons fly
Where'er th' impetuous warrior came,
With gleaming sword and waving plume,
Like some wild meteor of the gloom.

Fiercer and fiercer wax'd the fight,
And ruddier grew the field of gore;
In vain I strain'd my aching sight,
I mark'd his waving plume *no more*:
In long unequal fight he bled,
And mingled with the hostile dead.

And shall he thus unhonour'd lie,
Nor know a grateful monarch's care?
No—raise the mausoleum high,
Place his sad sacred relics there,
And, on recording marble, tell
How my brave warrior fought and fell. W.

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard raise again
To match another foe,
And sweep thro' the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was the field of fame,
And ocean was their grave!
Where Blake (the boast of freedom) fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep thro' the deep
When the stormy tempests blow;—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her *home* is on the deep:
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,

As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow !

The meteor flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
Till Danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of Peace return !
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name
When the tempests cease to blow ;—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempests cease to blow !*

CAMPBELL.

* This fine alteration of a popular ballad may be pointed out as the most poetical specimen of a naval song that our language affords.

CONVIVIAL SONGS.

MORTALS, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure;
Now the hours invite, comply;
While you idly pause, they fly:
Blest, a nimble pace they keep,
But in torment, then they creep.

Mortals, learn your lives to measure
Not by length of time, but pleasure;
Soon your spring must have a fall;
Losing youth, is losing all:
Then you'll ask, but none will give,
And may linger, but not live.

PREACH not me your musty rules,
Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,
The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by;
An hour is long if lost in care;
They only live who life enjoy.*

DALTON.

By the gaily-circling glass
We can see how minutes pass;
By the hollow cask we're told
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day
Drives us from our sport and play.
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care! 'twas made for you.

DALTON

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly!
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short, and wears away.

* This and the following short piece are taken from the writer's alteration of Comus, by which he has certainly given more force to the voluptuous doctrine than Milton would have approved, yet has displayed a fine taste and uncommon talents for compositions of this kind.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer—mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.*

When I drain the rosy bowl
Joy exhilarates my soul;
To the Nine I raise my song,
Ever fair and ever young.
When full cups my cares expel,
Sober counsels, then farewell;
Let the winds that murmur sweep
All my sorrows to the deep.

When I drink dull time away,
Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,
Leads me to delightful bowers,
Full of fragrance, full of flowers.
When I quaff the sparkling wine,
And my locks with roses twine,
Then I praise life's rural scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

* Of the pieces termed Anacreontic, this is one of the most pleasing, on account of the ease and good-humoured familiarity of the diction, and the happy turn of the sentiment.

When I sink the bowl profound,
Richest fragrance flowing round,
And some lovely nymph detain,
Venus then inspires the strain.
When from goblets deep and wide
I exhaust the generous tide,
All my soul unbends: I play,
Gamesome with the young and gay.*

FAWKES.

THE thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts, and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.

The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he's done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.

* This song is written in the person of Anacreon, the form of one of whose odes it copies, and whose general strain of sentiment it imitates.

They drink and dance by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night:
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.

Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses here; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why!*

COWLEY.

WINE, wine in the morning
Makes us frolic and gay,
That like eagles we soar
In the pride of the day;
Gouty sots of the night
Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripes the grape,
And to drinking gives light;
We imitate him
When by noon we're at height;
They steal wine who take it
When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
Fill them up now he shines;

* Freely translated from Anacreon.

The higher he rises
The more he refines,
For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.

A GLEE

ON A GOLD CUP WITH EMBOSSED FIGURES.

Mirth! be thy mingled pleasures mine,
The joys of Music, Love, and Wine,
While high the votive cup I hold,
And trace the forms that breathe in gold.

Beneath this vine, lo! Bacchus laid,
Round Venus twines the ivy braid;
While each light Grace, with zone unbound,
Weaves the dance their bower around.

Here, with gay song and sportive lyre,
Wing'd Cupid leads th' Idalian choir,
Where the crush'd grape, from every vein,
Dyes their foot with purple stain.

Chorus.

I heard the God's ecstatic notes,
Each sense in sweet delirium floats;
Pledge the cup, the chorus join,
And echo Music, Love, and Wine.

Sotheby.

AMATORY SONGS.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods is he,
The youth that fondly sits by thee;
And sees, and hears thee, all the while,
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd, a subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.*

A. PHILLIPS.

* An elegant translation of the celebrated ode of Sappho.

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, Love;
I feel the soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame.

For while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul.

My faltering tongue attempts in vain
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die.

SMOLLETT.

AH! the shepherd's mournful fate!
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair-one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish.
Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,

While rapture trembling thro' my eyes
  Reveals how much I love her.
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,
  O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak
  A thousand various wishes.

For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
  Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,
That artless blush and modest air,
  So artfully beguiling!
Thy every look, and every grace,
  So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chase,
  Still will my hopes pursue thee:
Then when my tedious hours are past
  Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
  And die in sight of heaven.

HAMILTON.

FROM her, alas! whose smile was love
  I wander to some lonely cell:
My sighs too weak the maid to move,
  I bid the flatterer Hope farewell.

Be all her syren arts forgot
  That fill'd my bosom with alarms:
Ah! let her crime—a little spot—
  Be lost amidst her blaze of charms.

As on I wander slow, my sighs
  At every step for Cynthia mourn :
My anxious heart within me dies,
  And sinking, whispers, " Oh, return !"

Deluded heart! thy folly know,
  Nor fondly nurse the fatal flame :
By absence thou shalt lose thy woe,
  And only *flutter* at her name.

WOLCOTT.

Go, tell AMYNTA, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain ;
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy voice will more prevail than mine :
For souls opprest, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain'd this kind relief,
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

A sigh, or tear, perhaps she'll give,
But love on pity cannot live,
Tell her, that hearts for hearts were made,
And love with love is only paid.
Tell her, my pains so fast increase,
That soon they will be past redress ;
For, ah ! the wretch that speechless lies
Attends but death to close his eyes.

DRYDEN.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart;
Nature points this my fatal hour;
And I have lived; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,
Lest yet my half-closed eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed;
That nothing may disrurb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee,
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus persists to love thee.

PRIOR.

ON every hill, in every grove,
Along the margin of each stream,
Dear conscious scenes of former love,
I mourn, and Damon is my theme.
The hills, the groves, the streams remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now to the mossy cave I fly,
  Where to my swain I oft have sung,
Well pleased the browsing goats to spy,
  As o'er the airy steep they hung.
The mossy cave, the goats remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

Now through the winding vale I pass,
  And sigh to see the well-known shade ;
I weep, and kiss the bended grass
  Where love and Damon fondly play'd.
The vale, the shade, the grass, remain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm is fled,
  Groves, flocks, and fountains please no more,
Each flower in pity droops its head,
  All nature does my loss deplore.
All, all reproach the faithless swain,
Yet Damon still I seek in vain.

DALTON.

IN vain you tell your parting lover
You wish fair winds may waft him over :
Alas ! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love ?
Alas ! what dangers on the main
Can equal those which I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain ?

Be gentle and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose;
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreckt heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.

PRIOR.

WHY, DELIA, ever while I gaze
Appears in frowns that lovely face?
Why are those smiles to me denied
That gladden every heart beside?
In vain your eyes my frame reprove,
I may despair, but still must love.

From sweetest airs I sought relief,
And hoped from music cure for grief;
Fool that I was! the thrilling sound
Served only to increase the wound;
I, while for rest I fondly strove,
Forgot that music strengthens love.

To pleasures of a different kind
Soon undeceived I turn'd my mind:
I sought the fair, the gay, the young,
And dress'd, and play'd, and danc'd and sung:
Vain joys! too weak my heart to move,
Ah! what are you to her I love?

When drooping on the bed of pain,
I look'd on every hope as vain;
When pitying friends stood weeping by,
And death's pale shade seem'd hovering nigh,
No terror could my flame remove,
Or steal a thought from her I love.

"Absence may bring relief," I cried,
And straight the dreadful hope I tried;
Alas! in vain was every care;
Still in my heart I bore my fair.
Ah! whither, whither shall I rove
To shun despair, or fly from love?

WHILE from my looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of my mind,
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclined.

There needs, alas! but little art
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound.

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opening East are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release;
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetess! my grief would cease.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my DELIA, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, DELIA, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove,
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;

All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

LYTTLETON.

If wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl:
Let them their friendly aid employ
To make my CHLOE's absence light,
And seek for pleasure to destroy
The sorrows of this livelong night.

But she to-morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles strew, thy odours burn;
And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's blessings own;
The darling Loves shall guide the hours,
And all the day be thine alone.

PRIOR.

HONEST lover, whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wavering, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost thou not speak thy words twice over,
Know this, &c.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take,
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken
When she has little or nothing spoken,
Know this, &c.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask and ask again,
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly,
Know this, &c.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat,
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place,
Know this, &c.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,
Know this
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again and love anew.*

SUCKLING.

WHEN DELIA on the plain appears,
Awed by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear;
No other wit but hers approve;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

* The characteristic ease and sprightliness of the writer appear to much advantage in this piece, which although careless and incorrect in its language, possesses the vivacity rarely found in English songs unalloyed with coarseness.

If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleased before,
The clearest spring, the shadiest grove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

When fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;—
Tell me, my heart, if this be love ?

LYTTLETON.

AH ! why must words my flame reveal ?
Why needs my DAMON bid me tell
What all my actions prove ?
A blush whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name a sigh,
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain
Mine eyes still fixt on him remain,
And him alone approve ;
The rest unheeded dance or play,
From all he steals my praise away,
And can he doubt my love ?

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The joys that all my soul possess,
And every care remove;
Still, still too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too fast away,
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in DAMON'S praise,
So pleased am I with all he says,
I every word approve;
But is he blamed, although in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas! because I love.

But ah! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove!
I hate the maid that gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain,
For ah! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs,
My passion these will prove;
Words oft deceive, and spring from art,
The true expressions of my heart
To DAMON, must be love.

COME here, fond youth, whoe'er thou be
That boasts to love as well as me,
And if thy breast have felt so wide a wound,
Come hither and thy flame approve;
I'll teach thee what it is to love,
And by what marks true passion may be found.

It is to be all bathed in tears,
To live upon a smile for years,
To lie whole ages at a beauty's feet;
To kneel, to languish and implore,
And still, tho' she disdain, adore;
It is to do all this, and think thy sufferings sweet.

It is to gaze upon her eyes
With eager joy and fond surprise,
Yet temper'd with such chaste and awful fear
As wretches feel who wait their doom;
Nor must one ruder thought presume,
Tho' but in whispers breathed, to meet her ear.

It is to hope, tho' hope were lost,
Tho' heaven and earth thy passion crost;
Tho' she were bright as sainted queens above,
And thou the least and meanest swain
That folds his flock upon the plain,
Yet if thou dar'st not hope, thou dost not love.

It is to quench thy joy in tears,
To nurse strange doubts and groundless fears;
If pangs of jealousy thou hast not proved,
Tho' she were fonder and more true
Than any nymph old poets drew,
Oh never dream again that thou hast loved.

If when the darling maid is gone,
Thou dost not seek to be alone,
Wrapt in a pleasing trance of tender woe;
And muse, and fold thy languid arms,
Feeding thy fancy on her charms,
Thou dost not love, for love is nourish'd so.

If any hopes thy bosom share
But those which love has planted there,
Or any cares but his thy breast enthrall,
Thou never yet his power hast known;
Love sits on a despotic throne,
And reigns a tyrant, if he reign at all.

Now if thou art so lost a thing,
Here all thy tender sorrows bring,
And prove whose patience longest can endure;
We'll strive whose fancy shall be lost
In dreams of fondest passion most,
For if thou thus hast loved, oh! never hope a cure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

You tell me that you truly love;
Ah! know you well what love does mean?
Does neither whim nor fancy move
The rapture of your transient dream?

Tell me, when absent, do you think
O'er every look, o'er every sigh?
Do you in melancholy sink,
And doubt and fear you know not why?

Do you, when near her, die to say
How much you love, yet cannot tell?
Does a look melt your soul away,
A touch your nerves with transport swell?

Could you for her, fame, wealth, despise?
In poverty and toil feel blest,
Drink sweet delusion from her eyes,
Or smile at ruin on her breast?

The charms of every other fair
With coldness could you learn to view?
Fondly unchang'd to her repair,
With transports ever young and new?

And tell me, at her loss or hate,
Would death your only refuge prove?
Ah! if in aught you hesitate,
Coward! you dare not say you love.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
  Yet dares not tell his amorous pain,
But to the sypathetic groves,
  But to the lonely listening plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your shade,
  Oh ! when her footsteps next are seen
In flowery tracks along the mead,
  In fresher mazes o'er the green,

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
  To whom the tears of love are dear,
From dying lilies waft a gale,
  And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
  Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind;
O, tell her that my virtuous flame
  Is as her spotless soul refined.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
  With chaster tenderness his care;
Not purer her own wishes rise,
  Not holier her own sighs in prayer.

But if at first her virgin fear
  Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear:—
  True love and friendship are the same.

THOMSON.

THE tears I shed must ever fall!
I mourn not for an absent swain,
For thought may past delights recall,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er;
And those they loved their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

Tho' boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
E'en when by death's cold hand removed
We mourn the tenant of the tomb,
To think that e'en in death he loved
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy,
The flattering veil is rent aside,
The flame of love burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The hours once tinged in transport's dye

The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the past to agony.
E'en time itself despairs to cure
Those pangs to every feeling due:
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To win a heart—and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
That just would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between;
He made me blest, and broke my heart.
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall!*

Miss C.

If ever thou didst joy to bind
Two hearts in equal passion join'd,
O son of Venus! hear me now,
And bid Florella bless my vow.

If any bliss reserved for me
Thou in the leaves of Fate shouldst see,
If any white propitious hour
Pregnant with hoarded joys in store;

* An uncommon vein of pathetic tenderness runs through this piece, and strongly excites the sympathetic feelings.

Now, now the mighty treasure give,
In her for whom alone I live;
In sterling love pay all the sum,
And I'll absolve the fates to come.

In all the pride of full-blown charms
Yield her, relenting, to my arms;
Her bosom touch with soft desires,
And let her feel what she inspires.

But, Cupid, if thine aid be vain
The dear reluctant maid to gain,
If still with cold averted eyes
She dash my hopes, and scorn my sighs;

O grant ('tis all I ask of thee)
That I no more may change than she;
But still with duteous zeal love on,
When every gleam of hope is gone.

Leave me then alone to languish,
Think not time can heal my anguish,
Pity the woes which I endure,
But never, never grant a cure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

As near a weeping spring reclined,
The beauteous ARAMINTA pined,
And mourn'd a false ungrateful youth;
While dying echoes caught the sound,
And spread the soft complaints around
Of broken vows and alter'd truth;

An aged shepherd heard her moan,
And thus in pity's kindest tone
Address'd the lost despairing maid:
"Cease, cease, unhappy fair, to grieve;
For sounds, tho' sweet, can ne'er relieve
A breaking heart by love betray'd.

"Why shouldst thou waste such precious showers,
That fall like dew on wither'd flowers,
But dying passion ne'er restored?
In beauty's empire is no mean,
And woman, either slave or queen,
Is quickly scorn'd when not adored.

"Those liquid pearls from either eye,
Which might an eastern empire buy,
Unvalued here and fruitless fall;
No art the season can renew
When love was young, and DAMON true,
No tears a wandering heart recall.

"Cease, cease to grieve, thy tears are vain,
Should those fair orbs in drops of rain
Vie with a weeping southern sky;
For hearts o'ercome with love and grief
All nature yields but one relief:
Die, hapless ARAMINTA, die"

MRS. BARBAULD.

AH stay! ah turn! ah whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentless maid?
I follow not to conquer but to die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for she, like fleeting air,
When prest by some tempestuous wind,
Flies swifter from the voice of my despair,
Nor casts one pitying look behind.*

CONGREVE.

SWEET maid, I hear thy frequent sigh,
And mourn to see thy languid eye;
For well I know these symptoms prove
Thy heart a prey to secret love.
But tho' so hard a fate be thine,
Think not thy grief can equal mine.

* In Rowe's "Fair Penitent."

Hope may thy vanish'd bloom restore :
I sigh for him *who lives no more.*

The youth for whom thy bosom sighs
Shall oft delight thy conscious eyes ;
And oft his voice, in accents sweet,
Shall friendship's soothing song repeat.
But he for whom my cheek is pale,
For whom my health and spirits fail,
Nought to my eyes can e'er restore,
And I shall hear his voice *no more.*

Thou in existence still canst find
A charm to captivate thy mind,
To make the morning ray delight,
And gild the gloomy brow of night.
But Nature's charms to me are fled ;
I nought behold but Henry dead :
What can my love of life restore ?
I sigh for him who lives *no more.*

MRS. OPIE.

DRIED be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be husht that struggling sigh ;
Not seasons, day, nor Fate shall prove
More fixt, more true than I.
Husht be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Cease, boding doubt—cease, anxious fear !

Dost ask how long my vows shall stay
When all that's new is past?
How long, my Delia? can I say
How long my life will last?
Dried be that tear, be husht that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's death,
That he who only breathes for you
Must yield that faithful breath?
Husht be that sigh, be dried that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here!

R. B. SHERIDAN.

AH! tell me not that jealous fear
Betrays a weak suspicious mind;
Were I less true, and thou less dear,
I should be blest, and thou be kind.

But while, by giddy fancy led,
In search of joy you wildly rove,
Say, can my mind be free from dread,
When every sense is chain'd by love?

Yet soon my anxious fears shall cease;
Since I am doom'd from thee to part,
That day will give me lasting peace,
For oh! that day will break my heart.

If in that breast, so good, so pure,
Compassion ever loved to dwell,
Pity the sorrows I endure;
The cause I must not, dare not tell.

The grief that on my quiet preys,
That rends my heart, that checks my tongue,
I fear will last me all my days,
But feel it will not last me long.*

Sir J. Moore.

Too plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes
My heart your own declare;
But for heaven's sake let it suffice
You reign triumphant there!

Forbear your utmost power to try,
Nor further urge your sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.

Could all your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that, her love for you?

* From the French.

Say, would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

Resolve not then to do an ill
Because perhaps you may,
But rather use your utmost skill
To save me than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend and not pursue,
Since 'tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love and you.

SOAME JENYNS.

By my sighs you may discover
What soft wishes touch my heart;
Eyes can speak, and tell the lover
What the tongue must not impart.

Blushing shame forbids revealing
Thoughts your breast may disapprove;
But 'tis hard, and past concealing,
When we truly, fondly love.

STREPHON, when you see me fly
Let not this your fear create:
Maids may be as often shy
Out of love as out of hate:
When from you I fly away,
It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of hatred run,
Less you'd be my pain and care;
But the youth I love, to shun,
Who can such a trial bear?
Who that such a swain did see,
Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands me stay;
Duty's still to love a foe,
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles;
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these crystal streams
I could sit and hear thee sigh;
Ravisht with these pleasing dreams,
O 'tis worse than death to fly:
But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings, instead of hate.

STREPHON, if you love me, leave me;
If you stay, I am undone;
Oh! with ease you may deceive me!
Pri'thee, charming swain, be gone.
Heav'n decrees that we should part;
That has my vows, but you my heart.

WHEN first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me, what meant my throbbing breast!
Say, soft confusion, art thou love?
If love thou art, then farewell rest!

Since doom'd I am to love thee, fair,
Tho' hopeless of a warm return,
Yet kill me not with cold despair,
But let me live, and let me burn.

With gentle smiles assuage the pain
Those gentle smiles did first create;
And, tho' you cannot love again,
In pity, oh! forbear to hate.

I DID but look and love awhile,
'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh, to wish, is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O! would your pity give my heart
A corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

OTWAY.

TO CUPID

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

COME, thou rosy-dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Leave the blissful bowers awhile,
Paphos and the Cyprian isle;
Visit Britain's rocky shore,
Britons too thy power adore,
Britons, hardy, bold and free,
Own thy laws and yield to thee.
Source of every heartfelt joy,
Come, thou rosy-dimpled boy!

Haste to Sylvia, haste away,
This is thine and Hymen's day:
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for love's rites prepare.

Let the nymphs with many a flower
Deck the sacred nuptial bower.
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haste to Sylvia, haste away.

Only while we love, we live,
Love alone can pleasure give.
Pomp, and power, and tinsel state,
Those false pageants of the great,
Crowns and sceptres, envied things,
And the pride of eastern kings,
Are but childish empty toys
When compared to love's sweet joys.
Love alone can pleasure give,
Only while we love, we live.

PARRAT

LESBIA, live to love and pleasure,
Careless what the grave may say:
When each moment is a treasure,
Why should lovers lose a day?

Setting suns shall rise in glory;
But when little life is o'er;
There's an end of all the story;
We shall sleep to wake no more.

Give me then a thousand kisses,
Twice ten thousand more bestow,
Till the sum of boundless blisses
Neither we, nor envy know.*

LANGHORN.

WHEN Fanny blooming fair
First caught my ravisht sight,
Struck with her shape and air,
I felt a strange delight:
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring every part,
And every feature praised,
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand loves appear;
There Cupid basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there:
Her blooming cheeks are dyed
With colour all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of Jove;
Her features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love;

* From Catullus.

What flames my nerves invade
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus round Fanny's waist
Has her own cestus bound,
With guardian Cupid's graced
Who dance the circle round.
How happy must he be
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all, but me,
May heaven and she refuse!*

CHESTERFIELD.

Now see *my* Goddess, earthly born,†
With smiling looks and sparkling eyes,
And with a bloom that shames the morn
New risen in the eastern skies!

Furnish'd from nature's boundless store,
And one of pleasure's laughing train,
Stranger to all the wise explore,
She proves all far-sought knowledge vain.

* Written on Lady Frances Shirley.

† This song is designed as a contrast to an address to Wisdom.

Untaught as Venus, when she found
Herself first floating on the sea,
And laughing begg'd the Tritons round
For shame to look some other way:

And unaccomplish'd all as Eve
In the first morning of her life,
When Adam blush'd, and ask'd her leave,
To take her hand, and call her wife.

Yet there is something in her face,
Tho' she's unread in Plato's lore,
Might bring e'en Plato to disgrace,
For leaving precepts taught before.

And there is magic in her eye,
Tho' she's unskill'd to conjure down
The pale moon from th' affrighted sky,
Would draw Endymion from the moon.

And there are words that she can speak,
Most easy to be understood,
More sweet than all the Heathen Greek
By Helen spoke when Paris woo'd.

And she has raptures in her power,
More worth than all the flatt'ring claim
Of learning's unsubstantial dower,
In present praise or future fame.

Let me but kiss her soft warm hand,
And let me whisper in her ear

What Knowledge would not understand,
And Wisdom would disdain to hear.

And let her listen to my tale,
And let one smiling blush arise,
Blest omen that my vows prevail!
I'll scorn the scorn of all the wise.

Ah, how sweet it is to love!
Ah, how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love are sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs which are from lovers blown
Do but gently heave the heart:
E'en the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, their smart.
Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away in easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use,
Treat them like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse
Which in youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides full and high,
Swells in every youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

DRYDEN.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a sigh,
That a coldness will creep o'er my heart,
That a sullen indifference will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia! that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguish'd, from memory stray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, shall Gratitude say, with a tear,
"That no longer I think of those charms
Which gave to my bosom such rapture sincere,
And faded at length in my arms!"

Why yes! it may happen, thou damsel divine!—
To be honest—I freely declare
That e'en now to thy converse so much I incline,
I've already forgot thou art fair.

WOLCOTT.

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those fair heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade their light;
'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying o'er thy forehead, now behind
Retiring with insidious grace:

'Tis not that lovely range of teeth, as white
As new-shorn sheep, equal and fair;
Nor e'en that gentle smile, the heart's delight,
With which no smile could e'er compare;
'Tis not that chin so round, that neck so fine,
Those breasts that swell to meet my love;
That easy sloping waist, that form divine,
Nor aught below, nor aught above:

'Tis not the living colours over each,
By nature's finest pencil wrought,
To shame the fresh-blown rose and blooming peach,
And mock the happiest painter's thought:
But 'tis that gentle mind, that ardent love,
So kindly answering my desire;
That grace with which you look, and speak, and move,
That thus have set my soul on fire.

WHILE, Strephon, thus you tease one
To say what won my heart,
It cannot, sure, be treason,
If I the truth impart.

'Twas not your smile, tho' charming,
'Twas not your eyes, tho' bright,
'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,
Nor beauty's dazzling light:

Twas not your dress, tho' shining,
Nor shape, that made me sigh;
'Twas not your tongue, combining,
For that, I knew, might lie.

No:—'twas your generous nature,
Bold, soft, sincere, and gay:
It shone in every feature,
And stole my heart away.

WHISTLER.

THE shape alone let others prize,
The features of the fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air.

A damask cheek and ivory arm
Shall ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within;

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel innocence refines
The tenderness of love.

These are the soul of beauty's frame,
Without whose vital aid
Unfinisht all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah! where both their charms unite,
How perfect is the view,
With every image of delight,
With graces ever new!

Of power to charm the deepest woe,
The wildest rage control;
Diffusing mildness o'er the brow,
And rapture thro' the soul.

Their power but faintly to express
All language must despair;
But go behold Aspasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

AKENSIDE.*

* Assigned to this author by Ritson, but not contained in his Works.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
Syren-like, first caught my fancy;
Wit and humour next take place,
And now I dote on sprightly NANCY.

KITTY tunes her pipe in vain
With airs most languishing and dying;
Calls me false ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

NANCY, with resistless art,
Always humorous, gay and witty,
Has talk'd herself into my heart,
And quite excluded tuneful KITTY.

Ah KITTY! Love, a wanton boy,
Now pleased with song, and now with prattle,
Still longing for the newest toy,
Has changed his whistle for a rattle.

WOULDST thou know her sacred charms
Who this destined heart alarms,
What kind of nymph the heavens decree
That maid that's made for love and me:

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear,
From each ungentle passion free;
Such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys whene'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad,
For peace and me can pomp resign:
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with generous friendship glows;
Who feels the blessing she bestows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me:
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A simple train, from falshood free:
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt, ye light coquets! retire,
Whom glittering fops around admire;
Unmoved your tinsel charms I see:
More genuine beauties are for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss,
And should she change—but can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

HAMILTON.

HAIL to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of the fields!
Kings would not here invade
The pleasure that virtue yields.
Beauty here opens her arms
To soften the languishing mind,
And PHYLLIS unlocks her charms;
Ah PHYLLIS! oh why so kind?

PHYLLIS, thou soul of love,
Thou joy of the neighbouring swains;
PHYLLIS, that crowns the grove,
And PHYLLIS that gilds the plains;
PHYLLIS, that ne'er had the skill
To paint, to patch and be fine,
Yet PHYLLIS whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

PHYLLIS, whose charming song
Makes labour and pains a delight;
PHYLLIS, that makes the day young,
And shortens the livelong night;
PHYLLIS, whose lips like May
Still laugh at the sweets they bring;
Where love never knows decay,
But sits with eternal spring.

LEE.

TELL me no more how fair she is;
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss
I never shall come near:
By sad experience I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not how fond I am
To tempt my daring fate,
From whence no triumph ever came
But to repent too late:
There is some hope ere long I may
In silence dote myself away.

I ask no pity, Love, from thee,
Nor will thy justice blame,
So that thou wilt not envy me,
The glory of my flame,
Which crowns my heart whene'er it dies,
In that it falls her sacrifice.

HEN. KING,
Bishop of Chichester.

FROM thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,
From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide;
From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
Has wreckt my warm hopes by her pride.

Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale;—
But away thou fond dream of my heart!
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Now the blasts of the winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise;
But 'tis well!—they resemble the sullen disdain
That has lour'd in those insolent eyes.
Sincere were the sighs it repress'd,
But they rose in the days that are flown:
Ah, nymph! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thy own.
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

Lo! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread
To escape the rough storm by their flight;
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night.
Like them to the home of my youth,
Like them to its shades I retire:
Receive me, and shield my vext spirit, ye groves!
From the storms of insulted desire.
From thy waves, rocky Lannow, I fly!

ANNA SEWARD.

WHILE in the bower with beauty blest
The loved AMINTOR lies,
While sinking on ZELINDA's breast
He fondly kiss'd her eyes;

A waking nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song
And warbled thro' the glade.

"Melodious songstress," cried the swain,
"To shades less happy go;
Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

"While in ZELINDA's arms I lie,
To song I am not free;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

"ZELINDA gives me perfect joys;
Then cease thy fond intrusion;
Be silent; music now is noise,
Variety, confusion."

WHEN SAPPHO tuned the raptured strain,
The list'ning wretch forgot his pain;
With art divine the lyre she strung,
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

For while she struck the quivering wire
The eager breast was all on fire;
And when she join'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.

But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster, power to please;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy native smiles of artless truth;

She ne'er had pined beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain;
Despair had ne'er her soul possest
To dash on rocks the tender breast.

SMOLLETT.

Go, plaintive sounds! and to the fair
My secret wounds impart;
Tell all I hope, tell all I fear,
Each motion in my heart.

But she, methinks, is list'ning now
To some enchanting strain;

The smile that triumphs o'er her brow
Seems not to heed my pain.

Yes, plaintive sounds! yet, yet delay,
Howe'er my love repine;
Let that gay minute pass away,
The next perhaps is thine.

Yes, plaintive sounds! no longer crost,
Your grief shall soon be o'er;
Her cheek, undimpled now, has lost
The smile it lately wore.

Yes, plaintive sounds! she now is yours,
'Tis now your time to move;
Essay to soften all her powers,
And be that softness, love.

Cease, plaintive sounds! your task is done;
That anxious tender air
Proves o'er her heart the conquest won;
I see you melting there.

Return, ye smiles, return again;
Return, each sprightly grace;
I yield up to your charming reign
All that enchanting face.

I take no outward show amiss,
Rove where you will, her eyes;
Still let her smiles each shepherd bless,
So she but hear my sighs.

HAMILTON.

When charming Teriminta sings
Each new air new passion brings;
Now I resolve, and now I fear;
Now I triumph, now despair;
Frolic now, now faint I grow;
Now I freeze, and now I glow.
The panting zephyrs round her play,
And trembling on her lips would stay;

Now would listen, now would kiss,
Trembling with divided bliss;
Till, by her breath repulsed, they fly,
And in low pleasing murmurs die.
Nor do I ask that she would give,
By some new note, the power to live;
I would, expiring with the sound,
Die on the lips that gave the wound.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me:
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
  Wounding pleasures, killing blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
  And her lips can arm with kisses;
Angels listen when she speaks,
  She's my delight, all mankind's wonder,
But my jealous heart would break
  Should we live one day asunder.

ROCHESTER.

LET the ambitious favour find
  In courts and empty noise,
While greater love does fill my mind
  With silent real joys.

Let fools and knaves grow rich and great,
  And the world think 'em wise,
Whilst I lie dying at her feet,
  And all that world despise.

Let conquering kings new trophies raise,
  And melt in court delights,
Her eyes can give me brighter days,
  Her arms much softer nights.

DORSET.

COME, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure and no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I loved you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate:
Oh! to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SHEFFIELD, *Duke of Buckingham.*

FROM all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest
If love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves, and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear.
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms,
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

SHEFFIELD, *Duke of Buckingham.*

OFT on the troubled ocean's face
Loud stormy winds arise;
The murmuring surges swell apace,
And clouds obscure the skies.

But when the tempest's rage is o'er,
Soft breezes smoothe the main;
The billows cease to lash the shore,
And all is calm again.

Not so in fond and amorous souls
If tyrant love once reigns,
There one eternal tempest rolls,
And yields unceasing pains.

PREPARED to rail, resolved to part,
When I approach the perjured maid
What is it awes my timorous heart?
Why is my tongue afraid?

With the least glance a little kind
Such wondrous power have MYRA's charms,
She calms my doubts, enslaves my mind,
And all my rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken vows
When gazing on that form divine,
Her injured vassal trembling bows,
Nor dares her slave repine.

LANSDOWNE.

COME, all ye youths whose hearts e'er bled
By cruel beauty's pride;
Bring each a garland on his head,
Let none his sorrows hide:
But hand in hand around we move,
Singing the saddest tales of love;
And see, when your complaints ye join,
If all your wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest mortal once was I,
My heart no sorrows knew;
Pity the pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as heaven whose stamp she bears,
Think of my fate, and shun her snares.

OTWAY.

SLOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires;
To Evanbanks, with temperate ray,
Home of my youth, it leads the day.
Oh, banks to me for ever dear!
Oh, stream whose murmurs still I hear!
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast,
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye;
Does she, with heart unchanged as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline,
Or where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse, while the Evan seeks the Clyde?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below;
What secret charm to memory brings
All that on Evan's border springs?
Sweet banks! ye bloom by MARY's side;
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost?

Return, ye moments of delight!
With richer treasures bless my sight;
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart;
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.

BURNS.

TELL my STREPHON that I die;
Let echoes to each other tell,
Till the mournful accents fly
To STREPHON's ear, and all is well.

But gently breathe the fatal truth,
And soften every harsher sound,
For STREPHON's such a tender youth,
The softest words too deep will wound.

Now, fountains, echoes, all be dumb;
For, should I cost my swain a tear,
I should repent it in my tomb,
And grieve I bought my rest so dear.

FROM place to place, forlorn, I go,
With downcast eyes, a silent shade;
Forbidden to declare my woe;
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.*

My inward pangs, my secret grief,
My soft consenting looks betray;
He loves, but gives me no relief;
Why speaks not he who may?

STEEL.

I HAVE a silent sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart;
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.

This cherisht woe, this loved despair,
My lot for ever be,
So, my soul's lord! the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee.

And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My life's lost hope would speak,—

*This is a very ingenious allusion to the popular notion that ghosts are not permitted to speak till first addressed by the beholder.

I shall not raise my eyes to heaven,
Nor mercy ask for me;
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd, love! by thee.*

R. B. SHERIDAN.

THERE is one dark and sullen hour
Which fate decrees our lives should know,
Else we should slight th' Almighty power,
Wrapt in the joys we find below:
'Tis past, dear CYNTHIA, now let frowns begone;
A long, long penance I have done
For crimes, alas! to me unknown.

In each soft hour of silent night
Your image in my dream appears;
I grasp the soul of my delight,
Slumber in joys, but wake in tears:
Ah! faithless charming saint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am by you
Loved less for being true.

* From the play of The Stranger, in the character of an unfaithful but penitent wife.

CAN loving father ever prove
From loving daughter purer love?
For him my duteous prayers ascend;
To him my kindest wishes tend:
If sickness bid his spirits fly,
Or blanch his cheek, or dim his eye,
Till health my anxious care relieve,
How do I, sad one! droop and grieve!
Yet ah! I own with conscious shame,
'Tis mine to love a *dearer* name.

Sweet soothing task! I daily trace
Affection in a mother's face;
Its rising flush delighted see,
And catch the sigh that breathes for me.
Can I thy long long cares review
And cheat affection of its due?
No, mother, never!—Saints above
Feel not the fervour of my love:
But still, I own with conscious shame,
'Tis mine to love a *dearer* name.

Oh, Henry, say, my only pride!
Should tender hearts like these divide?
Sure righteous heaven can ne'er approve!
Sure mine it calls unhallow'd love!
Yet would the soft parental voice
Confirm and sanctify my choice,

Bid me my best affection give
To him for whom indeed I live—
Than father—mother—*dearer* name
Nor heart could wish, nor tongue could frame.

Fair, and soft, and gay, and young,
All charm! she play'd, she danced, she sung,
There was no way to 'scape the dart,
No care could guard the lover's heart.
"Ah! why," cried I, and dropp'd a tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing e'er
To have her to myself alone)
"Was so much sweetness made for one?"

But growing bolder, in her ear
I in soft numbers told my care:
She heard, and raised me from her feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal heat.
Like heaven's, too mighty to express,
My joys could but be known by guess!
"Ah! fool," said I, "what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one?"

But long I had not been in view,
Before her eyes their beams withdrew;
Ere I had reckon'd half her charms
She sunk into another's arms.

But she that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me:
He too will find himself undone,
And that she was not made for one.

Tho' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet, Phyllis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him,
To me what a heaven 'twould be!
To him but a woman you seem,
But, ah! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow;
Still clinging around that dear waist
Which he spans as beside him you go.

That arm like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they could press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were Graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave them, and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.

But if I must feel your disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

CAREY.

YE shepherds and nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
Approach from your sports and attend to my strain;
Amongst all your number a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies;
She smiles when I'm cheerful, but hears not my sighs
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet and implore her with tears;
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears:
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her in spite of my grief.

By night, when I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair:
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so!
And only when dreaming imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor further aspire,
Nor think she could love whom she cannot admire:
Hush all thy complaining, and, dying her slave,
Commend her to heaven, and thyself to the grave.

HAMILTON.

YE happy swains, whose hearts are free
From love's imperial chain,
Take warning and be taught by me
To avoid th' enchanting pain;
Fatal the wolves to trembling flocks,
Fierce winds to blossoms proves,
To careless seamen hidden rocks,
To human quiet love.

Fly the fair sex if bliss you prize,
The snake's beneath the flower;
Whoever gazed on beauteous eyes
That tasted quiet more?
How faithless is the lover's joy!
How constant is their care!
The kind with falsehood do destroy,
The cruel with despair.

ETHERIDGE.

When your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you 're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex," she replied,
"And thus, might I gratify both, would I do;
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But yet be a woman to you."

PARNEL.

As AMORET with PHYLLIS sat
One evening on the plain,
And saw the gentle STREPHON wait
To tell the nymph his pain,
The threatening danger to remove,
She whisper'd in her ear,
"Ah PHYLLIS! if you would not love,
That shepherd do not hear.

"None ever had so strange an art
His passion to convey
Into a list'ning virgin's heart,
And steal her soul away.
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your fate."
"In vain," said she, "in vain I strive;
Alas! 'tis now too late."

SIR CARR SCROPE.

CAN love be controled by advice?
Can madness and reason agree?
O MOLLY, who'd ever be wise,
If madness is loving of thee?
Let sages pretend to despise
The joys they want spirits to taste:
Let us seize old Time as he flies,
And the blessings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares;
Brisk love will improve ev'ry joy;
Too soon we may meet with gray hairs,
Too late may repent being coy.
Then, MOLLY, for what should we stay
Till our best blood begins to run cold?
Our youth we can have but today,
We may always find time to grow old.

BERKELEY.

THINK no more, my gentle maid,
To withhold the promised treasure:
Can thy tongue delay persuade,
While thine eyes persuade to pleasure?
Long, too long, thine arts have strove
'Gainst my love to arm my reason;
Pleading youth in bar of love
Is in Cupid's court a treason.

While from day to day I spy
Some new charm its sweets disclosing,
Thought presents to fancy's eye
What from day to day I'm losing.
Shall the budded rose expand
On the air its beauties wasting,
Cropt by no desiring hand,
None its early fragrance tasting?

Gentle maid, resign thy fears;
Or, if fears thou must be feeling,
Dread the silent theft of years,
Youth, and joy, and beauty stealing.
Shield thee, shield thee in my arms
From the fiend all bliss destroying;
Make me guardian of thy charms;
I'll secure them—by enjoying.

J. A.

WHY, cruel creature, why so bent
To vex a tender heart?
To gold and title you relent;
Love throws in vain his dart.

Let glittering fops in courts be great,
For pay let armies move;
Beauty should have no other bait
But gentle vows and love.

If on those endless charms you lay
The value that's their due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A thousand worlds too few.

But if a passion without vice,
Without disguise or art,
Ah, CELIA! if true love's your price,
Behold it in my heart.

LANSDOWNE.

FOREVER, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And, when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish, and wish the soul away,
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone?

But busy, busy still art thou
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care;
All other wishes I resign,
Make but the dear AMANDA mine.

THOMSON.

DEAR CHLOE, while thus beyond measure
You treat me with doubts and disdain,
You rob all your youth of its pleasure,
And hoard up an old age of pain:
Your maxim, that love is still founded
On charms that will quickly decay,
You will find to be very ill grounded
When once you its dictates obey.

The passion from beauty first drawn
Your kindness will vastly improve;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And tho' the bright beams of your eyes
Should be clouded, that now are so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
We ne'er can forget it was day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his side
You oft have regarded with wonder;
He is dropsical, she is sore-eyed,
Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door,
And at night when old DARBY's pot 's out
His JOAN will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty or wit they possess
Their several failings to smother;
Then what are the charms, can you guess,
That make them so fond of each other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
The endearments that love did bestow,
The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
The best of all blessings below.

These traces for ever will last
Which sickness nor time can remove;
For when youth and beauty are past,
And age brings the winter of love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as these,
And the current of fondness still flows
Which decrepid old age cannot freeze.*

* The picture of the faithful old couple in this song, and the beautiful moral drawn from it, have always been justly admired.

AWAY, let nought to love displeasing,
My WINIFREDA, move thy fear;
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What tho' no grants of royal donors
With pompous titles grace our blood,
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good.

What tho' from fortune's lavish bounty
No mighty treasures we possess,
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season
Sufficient for our wishes give,
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke,
And all the great ones much shall wonder
How they admire such little folk.

Thro' youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported
Shall think to rob us of our joys;
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my boys.*

GILBERT COOPER.

O NANCY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town;
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deckt in jewels rare,
Say canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

* This pleasing delineation of conjugal and domestic felicity was first given by the author as "from the *ancient British.*" Although this title was manifestly only a poetic fiction, or rather a stroke of satire, Dr. Percy was strangely induced by it to insert the piece among his "Reliques of Ancient Poetry."

Oh Nancy! when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Oh Nancy! canst thou love so true
Through perils keen with me to go,
And, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
Nor *then* regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Percy.

In vain, fond youth, thy tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can Flavia do?
Thy truth I own, thy fate deplore:
All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those sighs, and weep no more;
Should heaven and earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain; since any pow'r,
To crown thy love, must alter mine.

But, if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll soothe the ills I cannot cure,
Tell that I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

The wretch O let me never know
Who turns from Pity's tearful eye;
Who melts not at the dirge of woe,
But bids the soul renew its sigh!

O say not, with the voice of scorn,
The lilies of thy neck are fled,
Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn,
The roses of thy cheek are dead.

Too cruel youth! with tears I own
The rose and lily's sad decay;
And sorrowing wish, for thee alone,
Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet, tho' thine eyes no longer trace
The healthful blush of former charms,
Remember that each luckless grace,
O COLIN, faded in *thy* arms.

WOLCOTT.

THE PARTING.

LAURA, thy sighs must now no more
My faltering step detain,
Nor dare I hang thy sorrows o'er,
Nor clasp thee thus, in vain;
Yet while thy bosom heaves that sigh,
While tears thy cheek bedew,
Ah! think—tho' doom'd from thee to fly,
My heart speaks no adieu.

Thee would I bid to check those sighs,
If thine were heard alone;
Thee would I bid to dry those eyes,
But tears are in my own.
One last, long kiss—and then we part—
Another—and adieu
I cannot aid thy breaking heart,
For mine is breaking too.

W. SMYTH.

Oh! Henry, sure by every art
I school my mind to bear its trial;
But moments come, when tears will start,
And grief no longer brook denial:
Not always can my heart achieve
The parting task—to fly from sorrow,
By reason's aid to cease to grieve,
And trust the hope that gilds the morrow.

I trust it now—my heart is gay,
I feel the aid of calmer reason;
Oh! come it will, the lingering day,
When love and bliss shall have their season.
The perils that my soldier try
Shall but the more his worth discover;
And fame shall sound his praise on high,
My hero brave—my life—my lover.

My Henry shall with peace return,
And war no more our hearts shall sever;
And bright this happy hearth shall burn,
And smiles and joys be ours for ever.
Oh! then how blest!—no more to part,
To share his bliss—his love—his glory;
Live the proud partner of his heart,
And tell our boys their father's story.

W. Smyth.

How bright the sun's declining rays
Glitter on yonder ivied spire!
How sweet the evening zephyr plays
Thro' those old trees that seem on fire!
Beneath those trees how oft I've stray'd
With MARY, rapture in my eyes!—
But now, alas! beneath their shade
All that remains of MARY lies!

Oh! can I e'er the scene forget?
'Twas such an evening—this the place,
That first the lovely girl I met,
And gazed upon her angel face.
The west at Sol's departure blush'd,
And brighten'd to a crimson hue;
Her cheek with kindred tints was flush'd,
And ah! her sun was sinking too.

She died—and at that very hour
Hope broke her wand and Pleasure fled.
Life is a charm, has lost its power,
Th' enchantress of my days is dead.
That sun—those scenes where oft I've stray'd
Transported, I no longer prize;
For now, alas! beneath their shade
All that remains of MARY lies.

J. CONDER.

When gentle Celia first I knew,
A breast so good, so kind, so true,
Reason and taste approved;
Pleased to indulge so pure a flame,
I call'd it by too soft a name,
And fondly thought I loved.

Till Chloris came, with sad surprise
I felt the lightning of her eyes
Thro' all my senses run;
All glowing with resistless charms,
She fill'd my breast with new alarms,
I saw, and was undone.

O Celia! dear unhappy maid,
Forbear the weakness to upbraid
Which ought your scorn to move:
I know this beauty false and vain,
I know she triumphs in my pain,
Yet still I feel I love.

Thy gentle smiles no more can please,
Nor can thy softest friendship ease
The torments I endure;
Think what that wounded breast must feel
Which truth and kindness cannot heal,
Nor e'en thy pity cure.

Oft shall I curse my iron chain,
And wish again thy milder reign
With long and vain regret;
All that I can, to thee I give,
And could I still to reason live,
I were thy captive yet.

But passion's wild impetuous sea
Hurries me far from peace and thee,
'Twere vain to struggle more:
Thus the poor sailor slumbering lies,
While swelling tides around him rise,
And push his bark from shore.

In vain he spreads his helpless arms,
His pitying friends with fond alarms
In vain deplore his state;
Still far, and farther from the coast,
On the high surge his bark is tost,
And foundering yields to fate.

MRS. BARBAULD.

If Love and Reason ne'er agree,
And Virtue tremble at his power,
May Heaven from Love pronounce me free,
And guard me thro' each tender hour!

But if the pleasures Love bestows
Are such as reason pleased allows,
Are such as smiling Virtue knows,
To Love I'll pay my virgin vows.

And such they are: for loose desires
But ill deserve the tender name;
They blast, like lightning's transient fires,
But Love's a pure and constant flame.

Love scorns a sordid selfish bliss,
And only for its object lives;
Feels mutual truth endear the kiss,
And tastes no joys but those it gives.

Love's more than language can reveal,
Or thought can reach—tho' thought is free;
'Tis only felt—'tis what I feel,
And hope that Damon feels for me.

When first upon your tender cheek
I saw the morn of beauty break
With mild and cheering beam,
I bow'd before your infant shrine,
The earliest sighs you had were mine,
And you my darling theme.

I saw you in that opening morn
For beauty's boundless empire born,
And first confess'd your sway;
And ere your thoughts, devoid of art,
Could learn the value of a heart,
I gave my heart away.

I watch'd the dawn of every grace,
And gazed upon that angel face,
While yet 'twas safe to gaze;
And fondly bless'd each rising charm,
Nor thought such innocence could harm
The peace of future days.

But now despotic o'er the plains
The awful noon of beauty reigns,
And kneeling crowds adore;
These charms arise too fiercely bright,
Danger and death attend the sight,
And I must hope no more.

Thus to the rising God of day
Their early vows the Persians pay,
And bless the spreading fire;
Whose glowing chariot mounting soon
Pours on their heads the burning noon;
They sicken and expire.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THERE lives a lass upon the green,
Could I her picture draw,
A brighter nymph was never seen,
She looks and reigns a little queen,
And keeps the swains in awe.

Her eyes are Cupid's darts and wings,
  Her eyebrows are his bow,
Her silken hair the silver strings,
Which swift and sure destruction brings
  To all the vale below.

If Pastorella's dawn of light
  Can warm and wound us so,
Her noon must be so piercing bright,
Each glancing beam would kill outright,
  And every swain subdue.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waist away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined
  Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.*

CAREW.

* Carew, though infected with the bad taste of his age, and in general overrun with artificial thoughts and conceits, has written some pieces of great sweetness and elegant simplicity; of which this is a very pleasing example.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfumed,
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.*

B. JONSON.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?

* This is one of a very few productions of the once celebrated author, which by their singular elegance and neatness, form a striking contrast to the prevalent coarseness and quaintness of his tedious effusions.

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Speaking nothing do 't?
Pr'ythee, why so mute?*

SUCKLING.

WHENCE comes my love? O heart! disclose:
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze.
Whence comes my woe, as freely own:
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind:
The lips befitting words most kind;
The eye doth tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say, 'Tis Cupid's fire:
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Since nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet lip, sweet eye, sweet blushing cheek,
Yet not a heart to save my pain?
O Venus! take thy gifts again:

* The third stanza of this sprightly song is omitted, on account of its inferiority and coarseness.

Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.*

SIR J. HARRINGTON.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or in deep groves
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

But see! implored by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Proud mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you, she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew
Till she grows flesh and blood, like you;
Or you, like her, divine.

* This piece, the product of the age of Elizabeth or James I. has undergone no other alteration in reprinting, than putting it into modern spelling. It is a specimen of the elegant simplicity which characterized that age of English poetry, and which was nearly lost in the succeeding age.

ROUND Love's elysian bowers
The softest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies;
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies:
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, youth, thou fond believer,
The wily Syren shun;
Who trusts the dear deceiver
Will surely be undone:
When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware:
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

MONTGOMERY.

TO CUPID.

CHILD, with many a childish wile,
Timid look, and blushing smile,
Downy wings to steal thy way,
Gilded bow, and quiver gay,

Who in thy simple mien would trace
The tyrant of the human race?

Who is he whose flinty heart
Hath not felt the flying dart?
Who is he that from the wound
Hath not pain and pleasure found?
Who is he that hath not shed
Curse and blessing on thy head?*

JOANNA BAILLIE.

A SIGH.

GENTLE air, thou breath of lovers,
Vapour from a secret fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire:

Softest note of whisper'd anguish,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the list'ner's heart:

Safest messenger of passion,
Stealing thro' a cloud of spies,
Which constrain the outward fashion,
Close the lips, and guard the eyes:

* In the tragedy of "Basil."

Shapeless sigh, we ne'er can show thee,
Form'd but to assault the ear;
Yet ere to their cost they know thee,
Every nymph may read thee here.

Love arms himself in Celia's eyes
Whene'er weak Reason would rebel;
And every time I dare be wise,
Alas! a deeper wound I feel.

Repeated thoughts present the ill
Which seeing I must still endure;
They tell me Love has darts to kill,
And Wisdom has no power to cure.

Then, cruel Reason, give me rest,
Quit in my heart thy feeble hold;
Go try thy force in Celia's breast,
For that is disengaged and cold.

There all thy nicest arts employ;
Confess thyself her beauty's slave,
And argue, whilst she may destroy,
How great, how godlike 'tis to save.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep, and how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way
How to lie and to betray;
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth
Full of love and full of truth,
Brisk and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

SAY not, OLINDA, I despise
The faded glories of your face,
The languish'd vigour of your eyes,
And that once only-loved embrace.

In vain, in vain, my constant heart,
On aged wings, attempts to meet,
With wonted speed, those flames you dart,
It faints and flutters at your feet.

I blame not your decay of power,
You may have pointed beauties still,
Tho' me, alas! they wound no more;
You cannot hurt what cannot feel.

On youthful climes your beams display,
There you may cherish with your heat,
And rise the sun to gild their day,
To me, benighted, when you set.

O NYMPH! of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed the syren's flattering tongue;
She lures thee to the haunts of care,
Where sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?
Can those the hosts of care control?
The splendour which thine eyes behold
Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To Love alone thy homage pay,
The queen of every true delight:
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

WOLCOTT.

WHY, lovely charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, so very shy?
Why does that cold forbidding air
Give damps of sorrow and despair?
Or why that smile my soul subdue,
And kindle up my flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your art
By turns to freeze and fire my heart:
When I behold a face so fair,
So sweet a look, so soft an air,
My ravish'd soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee less, nor more.

YE virgin powers, defend my heart
From amorous looks and smiles;
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles;
From sighs and vows, from awful fears
That do to pity move;
From speaking silence, and from tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if thro' passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And where frail nature seems inclined,
There place a guard of pride.

A heart whose flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs every virtue's aid;
And she who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd

STREPHON has fashion, wit and youth,
With all things else that please;
He nothing wants but love and truth
To ruin me with ease:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle strong desire;
His power inflames another's heart,
Yet he ne'er feels the fire.

O! how it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or, worse, should love them all!
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
Thus seeks in vain for rest;
Finding no hope to fix its love,
Returns into my breast.

MRS. TAYLOR.

When clouds that angel face deform,
Anxious I view the coming storm:
When angry lightnings arm thine eye,
And tell the gathering tempest nigh,
I curse the sex, and bid adieu
To female friendship, love, and you.

But when soft passions rule your breast,
And each kind look some love has drest;
When cloudless smiles around you play,
And give the world a holiday;
I bless the hour when first I knew
Dear female friendship, love, and you.

THEOPH. SWIFT.

CUPID, forbear thy childish arts;
I cannot, will not love;
Thy quiver emptied of its darts
On me would harmless prove.

In vain, fond boy, MIRANDA'S eyes
You point with beamy fire;
STREPHON each killing glance defies,
And looks without desire.

Thy CHLOE's dimpled cheeks adorn
With gay bewitching smiles;
I laugh at all her wanton scorn,
And triumph o'er her wiles.

The snowy neck, the slender waist,
The gently-bending brow,
The ruby lip with moisture graced,
I view without a vow.

Should thy bright mother, beauty's queen,
Court me with open arms,
Adonis-like would I be seen
To slight her proffer'd charms.

This bold defiance STREPHON sends;
Hence, baffled boy, remove:
We are not foes, we are not friends:
I cannot, will not love.

FICKLE bliss, fantastic treasure,
Love, how soon thy joys are past!
Since we soon must lose the pleasure,
Oh, 'twere better ne'er to taste!

Gods! how sweet would be possessing,
Did not time its charms destroy;
Or could lovers with the blessing
Lose the thought of Cupid's joy!

Cruel thoughts, that pain yet please me,
Ah, no more my rest destroy!
Show me still, if you would ease me,
Love's deceits, but not its joy.

Gods! what kind yet cruel powers
Force my will, to rack my mind!
Ah! too long we wait for flowers
Too, too soon to fade design'd.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying;
The cold regardless maid to move
With unavailing prayers I sue;
You first have taught me how to love,
Ah! teach me to be happy too.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
"'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you should learn,
You quickly would forget to love."

A. Phillips.

BOAST not, mistaken swain, thy art,
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdued my heart
Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright;
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion, know
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire,
Since you, my swain, no more will shine
When I no more admire.

By me indeed you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

A. PHILLIPS.

My love was fickle once and changing,
Nor e'er would settle in my heart,
From beauty still to beauty ranging,
In every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a charming shape enslaved me,
An eye then gave the fatal stroke;
Till by her wit CORINNA saved me,
And all my former fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting anguish
For BELVIDERA I endure;
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,
Nor hope to find the wonted cure.

For here the false inconstant lover,
After a thousand beauties shown,
Does new surprising charms discover,
And finds variety in one.*

WHILE silently I loved, nor dared
To tell my crime aloud,
The influence of your smiles I shared
In common with the crowd.

* This song is given in one of Addison's Spectators (No. 470,) as the subject of a humorous commentary in ridicule of the verbal critics. Its author is not mentioned.

But when I once my flame exprest,
In hopes to ease my pain,
You singled me from out the rest,
The mark of your disdain.

If thus, CORINNA, you shall frown
On all that do adore,
Then all mankind must be undone,
Or you must smile no more.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be!

Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be!

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?

Or, her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of Best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be!

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind,
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them *they* would do
That without them dare to woo;
And, unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be!

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go:
For, if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?*

G. WITHER.

* A dull and tedious writer on grave subjects will sometimes sport happily with a lighter topic. This was the case with Wither, a poet of the earlier part of the 17th century, who after writing some pleasing juvenile pieces, became almost proverbial for dull prolixity.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee;
But that I found the slightest prayer
That breath could make, had power to move thee;
But I can leave thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
Then, since thou canst with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The virgin rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briars, how sweet it smells!
But pluckt and strain'd thro' ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves drop from it one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
With sear-flow'rs to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.

NOT, CELIA, that I juster am
Or truer than the rest:
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my interest.

But I'm so fixt alone to thee
By every thought I have,
That should you now my heart set free,
'Twould be again your slave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome, and the kind.

Not to my virtue, but thy power,
This constancy is due;
When change itself can give no more
'Tis easy to be true.

SEDLEY.

IT is not, CELIA, in our power
To say how long our love will last;
It may be we within this hour
May lose the joys we now do taste:
The blessed that immortal be
From change of love are only free.

Then since we mortal lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will last;
But while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

ETHERIDGE.

SAY, MYRA, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it because you fear to share
The ills that love molest,
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

LYTTELTON.

AWAKE, awake, my lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire:
Though so exalted she,
And I so lowly be,
Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake:
And though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of nnmerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try,
Now all thy charms apply,
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak lyre! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too thou wilt prove
My passion to remove:
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire:
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my lyre, and let thy master die.*

COWLEY.

* This song or ode is given in the "Davideis" as addressed by David to Saul's daughter, Michal. It is one of the proofs that Cowley, when not unhappily an imitator of Donne, and the rest of the metaphysical school, was capable of all the elegance and harmony properly belonging to lyrical poetry.

TO MY LUTE.

What shade and what stillness around!
Let us seek the loved cot of the fair;
There soften her sleep with thy sound,
And banish each phantom of care.

The virgin may wake to thy strain,
And be sooth'd, nay, be pleased with thy song;
Alas! she may pity the swain,
And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,
What a joy, what a rapture were mine!
Then forever thy fame would I speak—
O my lute, what a triumph were mine!

Ah! whisper kind love in her ear,
And sweetly my wishes impart;
Say, the swain who adores her is near,
Say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

Wolcott.

I pr'y thee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet, now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
O Love! where is thy sympathy
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For, when I think I'm best resolved,
Then I am most in doubt.

Then farewell, care, and farewell, woe!
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

SUCKLING.

WHILST I fondly view the charmer,
Thus the God of Love I sue:
"Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do:
Of a thousand smiles bereave her,
Rob her neck, her lips, her eyes;
The remainder still will leave her
Power enough to tyrannize.

"Shape and feature, flame and passion
Still in every breast will move:
More is supererogation,
Mere idolatry of love:
You may dress a world of CHLOES
In the beauty she can spare:
Hear him, Cupid, who no foe is
To your altars or the fair."

"Foolish mortal, pray be easy;"
Angry Cupid made reply:
"Do FLORELLA's charms displease ye?
Die then, foolish mortal! die.
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating store:
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thousand beauties more.

"Were FLORELLA proud and sour,
Apt to mock a lover's care,
Justly then you'd pray that power
Should be taken from the fair:
But though I spread a blemish o'er her,
No relief in that you'll find:
Still, fond Shepherd, you'd adore her
For the beauties of the mind."

WHILE STREPHON in his pride of youth
To me alone profest
Dissembled passion drest like truth,
He triumph'd in my breast.

I lodged him near my yielding heart,
Denied him not my arms,
Deluded by his pleasing art,
Transported with his charms.

The wanderer now I lose, or share
With every lovely maid :—
Who makes the heart of man her care
Shall have her own betray'd.

Our charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we conquest gain :
Where one a victim falls to love,
A thousand tyrants reign.

" WOMAN, thoughtless, giddy creature,
Laughing, idle, fluttering thing,
Most fantastic work of Nature,
Still, like fancy, on the wing ;

"Slave to every changing passion,
Loving, hating in extreme,
Fond of every foolish passion,
And, at best, a pleasing dream;

"Lovely trifle, dear illusion,
Conquering weakness, wisht-for pain,
Man's chief glory, and confusion,
Of all vanity most vain!"

Thus, deriding beauty's power,
BEVIL call'd it all a cheat;
But in less than half an hour
Kneel'd and whined at CELIA's feet.

A WRETCH long tortured with disdain,
That hourly pined, but pined in vain,
At length the God of Wine addrest,
The refuge of a wounded breast.

"Vouchsafe, O Power, thy healing aid,
Teach me to gain the cruel maid;
Thy juices take the lover's part,
Flush his wan looks, and cheer his heart."

Thus to the jolly god he cried,
And thus the jolly god replied:
"Give whining o'er, be brisk and gay,
And quaff this sneaking form away.

"With dauntless mien approach the fair;
The way to conquer is to dare."
The swain pursued the god's advice:
The nymph was now no longer nice.

She smiled and spoke her sex's mind:
"When you grow daring, we grow kind:
Men to themselves are most severe,
And make us tyrants by their fear."

CYNTHIA frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet she's vex't if I give over;
Much she fears I should undo her,
But much more to lose her lover:
Thus in doubting she refuses,
And not winning thus she loses.

Pr'ythee, CYNTHIA, look behind you,
Age and wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then too late desire will find you
When the power does forsake you.
Think, oh! think, the sad condition
To be past, yet wish fruition.

CONGREVE.

LOVE's but the frailty of the mind
When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
A sickly flame, which if not fed expires,
And, feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.

'Tis not to wound a wanton boy,
Or amorous youth, that gives the joy;
But 'tis the glory to have pierced a swain
For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

Then I alone the conquest prize,
When I insult a rival's eyes;
If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
The heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.

CONGREVE.

FAIR AMORET is gone astray,
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, tho' both seem neglected,
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Tho certain aim and art direct 'em.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

CONGREVE.

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Brings equal ease unto my pain;
The temperate affords me none:
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm: if it be love,
Like Danaë in her golden shower
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes and he's possest
Of heaven that's but from hell released.

Then crown my joys, or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

CAREW.

In Chloris all soft charms agree,
Inchanting humour, powerful wit,
Beauty from affectation free,
And for eternal empire fit.
Where'er she goes love waits her eyes,
The women envy, men adore;
Tho', did she less the triumph prize,
She would deserve the conquest more.

But vanity so much prevails,
She begs what none else would deny her,
Makes such advances with her eyes,
The hope she gives prevents desire;

Catches at every trifling heart,
  Grows warm with every glimm'ring flame;
The common prey so deads her dart,
  It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I could lie ages at her feet,
  Adore her careless of my pain,
With tender vows her rigours meet,
  Despair, love on, and not complain;
My passion, from all change secure,
  No favours raise, no frown controls;
I any torment can endure
  But hoping with a crowd of fools,

JOHN HOWE.

LOVE still has something of the sea
  From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
  Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
  And in rough weather tost;
They wither under cold delays,
  Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
  Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
  The vessel drives again.

At first, disdain and pride they fear;
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle CELIMENE,
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gazed a thousand years
I could no deeper love.

SEDLEY.

DORINDA'S sparkling wit and eyes
Uniting cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies,
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentle joy,
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace:
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

YES, FULVIA is like VENUS, fair,
Has all her bloom and shape and air;
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic JUNO wore,
And CYNTHIA's brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd MINERVA's mien;
But smiles distinguish'd beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of smiles and loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves,
And from her zone the nymph may find
'Tis beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SHENSTONE.

TEASE me no more, nor think I care
Tho' monarchs bow at KITTY's shrine,
Or powder'd coxcombs woo the fair,
Since KITTY is no longer mine.

Indifferent 'tis alike to me,
If my favourite dove be stole,
Whether its dainty feathers be
Plucked by the eagle or the owl.

If not for me its blushing lips
The rose-bud opens, what care I
Who the odorous liquid sips,
The king of bees, or butterfly?

Like me, the Indians of Peru,
Rich in mines of golden ore,
Dejected see the merchant's crew
Transport it to a foreign shore.

Seeks the slave despoil'd to know
Whether his gold, in shape of lace,
Shine on the coat of birth-day beau,
Or wear the stamp of George's face?

DR. GLYNN.

I TELL thee, CHARMION, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest offering give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you.
And I should all my oaths and vows renew:
But, to be plain, I never would be true.

For by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love hates to centre in a point assign'd,

But runs with joy the circle of the mind :
Then let us never chain what should be free,
But for relief of either sex agree ;
Since women love to change, and so do we.

CONGREVE.

CORINNA in the bloom of youth
Was coy to every lover ;
Regardless of the tenderest truth,
No soft complaint could move her.

Mankind was hers, all at her feet
Lay prostrate and adoring ;
The witty, handsome, rich, and great,
In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair
Her loss of time and pleaeure,
With willing eyes and wanton air
Inviting every gazer.

But love's a summer flower, that dies
With the first weather's changing ;
The lover, like the swallow, flies
From sun to sun still ranging.

MYRA, let this example move
Your foolish heart to reason ;
Youth is the proper time for love,
And age retirement's season.

LANSDOWN.

WHAT! put off with one denial,
And not make a second trial?
You might see my eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting;
Women obliged to dwell in forms
Forgive the youth that boldly storms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish,
When you tell us of your anguish,
To the nymph you'll be more pleasing
When those sorrows you are easing:
We love to try how far men dare,
And never wish the foe should spare.

Let not Love on me bestow
Soft distress and tender woe;
I know none but substantial blisses,
Eager glances, solid kisses.

I know not what the lovers feign
Of finer pleasure mixt with pain;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle boy,
None of thy grief, but all thy joy.

STEELE.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me ZELINDA frown,
Madness 'tis all in me to grieve;
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for ZELINDA die,
Deaf to poor MIZELLA's cries,
Ask not me the reason why;
Seek the riddle in the skies.

PHILLIPS.

DEAR COLIN, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain?
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
Oh! can't you their meaning explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
Why should you expect it from me?
Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should be.

Then quickly why don't you discover?
Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

THE ANSWER.

Good Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool;
For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that can love without rule.

At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
If you've lived to these years without proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your blushing,
And not speak the matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing;
'Tis yours to affect a disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking,
From all your fond oglings I see;
But the fruit that will fall without shaking
Indeed is too mellow for me.*

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

WHEN first I sought fair CÆLIA's love,
And every charm was new,
I swore by all the Gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
She still protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me blest,
And yielded all her charms;
And I forsook her when possest,
And fled to others' arms.

* In Dodsley's Collection of Poems this piece was assigned to Sir W. Young, and the preceding to Lady M. W. Montagu. Of this misstatement the lady heavily complains in a letter to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, in which she says that the first piece being handed about as the supposed address of Lady Hertford to Lord W. Hamilton, she herself wrote the second extempore as a reply to it.

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now
To rage thy breast incline;
For why, since you forgot your vow,
Should I remember mine?

SOAME JENYNS

CORINNA cost me many a prayer,
Ere I her heart could gain,
But she ten thousand more should hear
To take that heart again.

Despair I thought the greatest curse;
But to my cost I find
Corinna's constancy still worse,
Most cruel when too kind.

How blindly then does Cupid carve,
How ill divide the joy,
Who does at first his lovers starve,
And then with plenty cloy!

TAKE, oh take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.*

SEND home my long stray'd eyes to me,
Which, oh! too long have dwelt on thee!
But if from thee they've learnt such ill,
To sweetly smile
And then beguile,
Keep the deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless heart again,
Which no unworthy thought could stain;
But if it has been taught by thine
To forfeit both
Its word and oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my heart and eyes,
That I may know thy falsities,

* This sweet and fanciful production of an early age was probably popular at its first appearance, as one stanza of it is given in Shakespear's "Measure for Measure," and both in a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's. It has commonly been attributed to Shakespear, but probably erroneously.

And laugh and joy one day, when thou
Shalt grieve and mourn
For one will scorn,
And prove as false as thou dost now.*

DONNE *(altered.)*

ON A LADY'S GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

WALLER.

* Donne is so rugged a versifier, that scarcely any of his productions are reducible to regular measure without some alteration. His language, also, is generally far from elegant or refined, and his thoughts are extremely strained and artificial. The preceding piece, however, has not required much correction to entitle it to a distinguished place among ingenious songs.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How fair and sweet she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spired,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die; that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

WALLER.

If truth can fix thy wavering heart,
Let Damon urge his claim;
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure, the constant flame.

Tho' sighing swains their torments tell,
Their sensual love contemn;
They only prize the beauteous shell,
But slight the inward gem.

Possession cures the wounded heart,
Destroys the transient fire;
But when the mind receives the dart,
Enjoyment whets desire.

By age your beauty will decay,
Your mind improves with years;
As when the blossoms fade away,
The ripening fruit appears.

May Heaven and Sylvia grant my suit,
And bless the future hour;
That Damon, who can taste the fruit,
May gather every flower!

Garrick.

When fair Serena first I knew,
By friendship's happy union charm'd,
Incessant joys around her flew,
And gentle smiles my bosom warm'd.

But when, with fond officious care,
I press'd to breathe my amorous pain,
Her lips spoke nought but cold despair,
Her eyes shot ice thro' every vein.

Thus, in Italia's lovely vales,
The sun his genial vigour yields;
Reviving heat each sense regales,
And plenty crowns the smiling fields.

When nearer we approach his ray,
High on the Alps' tremendous brow,
Surprised, we see pale sun-beams play
On everlasting hills of snow.

T. Seward, M. A.

All my past life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone;
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not;
How then can it be mine?
The present moment 's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
PHYLLIS, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

ROCHESTER.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And CELIA has undone me;
But yet I swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no Graces revel;
'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common,
And all her sense is only chat
Like any other woman.

Her voice, her touch might give the alarm,
'Twas both, perhaps, or neither;
In short, 'twas that provoking charm
Of CELIA altogether.

WHITEHEAD.

YE little Loves, that round her wait
To bring me tidings of my fate,
As CELIA on her pillow lies,
Ah! gently whisper, "STREPHON dies!"

If this will not her pity move,
And the proud fair disdains to love,
Smile, and say, "'Tis all a lie,
And haughty STREPHON scorns to die."

SWAIN, thy hopeless passion smother,
Perjured CELIA loves another;
In his arms I saw her lying,
Panting, kissing, trembling, dying;
There the fair deceiver swore
All she did to you before.

"Oh!" said you, "when she deceives me,
When that constant creature leaves me,

Isis' waters back shall fly,
And leave their oozy channels dry."
Turn, ye waters, leave your shore,
Perjured Celia loves no more.*

Cupid, instruct an amorous swain
Some way to tell the nymph his pain
To common youths unknown:
To talk of sighs, and flames, and darts
Of bleeding wounds and burning hearts,
Are methods vulgar grown.

"What need'st thou tell?" (the god replied)
"That love the shepherd cannot hide,
The nymph will quickly find;
When Phœbus does his beams display,
To tell men gravely that 'tis day,
Is to suppose them blind."

* The turn in this song is ingeniously copied out of Ovid's epistle from Oenone to Paris:

Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relicta,
Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua.
Xanthe, retro propera, versæque recurrite lymphæ,
Sustinet Oenone deseruisse Paris.

Oenone left, when Paris can survive,
The waves of Xanthus shall reverse their course.
Turn, waters, turn, flow upward to your source,
Oenone's left, yet Paris bears to live.

Love's a dream of mighty treasure,
Which in fancy we possess;
In the folly lies the pleasure,
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chase,
Like Ixion we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease;

While the wretch who would be knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

Chloe's the wonder of her sex,
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclined
With liberal hand to please us,
Has to her boundless beauty join'd
A boundless bent to ease us.

LANSDOWN.

PRETTY Parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull absence pass'd the day,
What at home was doing?
"With chat and play
All were gay,
Night and day,
Good cheer and mirth renewing;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty pretty Poll."

Was no fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a saucy lover would
Court and tease my lady?
"A thing, you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a beau,
Near her was always ready;
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty Poll."

Tell me with what air he approach'd the fair,
And how she could with patience bear
All he did and utter'd.
"He still address'd,
Still caress'd
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, prattled, laugh'd and flatter'd;
Well received in all, like pretty pretty Poll."

Did he go away at the close of day,
Or did he ever use to stay
In a corner dodging ?
"The want of light,
When 'twas night,
Spoil'd my sight;
But I believe his lodging
Was within her call, like pretty pretty Poll."*

WHY will DELIA thus retire,
Languishing her life away ?
While the sighing crowds admire,
'Tis too soon for hartshorn tea.

All these dismal looks and fretting
Cannot DAMON'S life restore;
Long ago the worms have eat him,
You can never see him more.

Once again consult your toilet,
In the glass your face review;
So much weeping sure will spoil it,
And no spring your charms renew.

* This lively and singular piece was probably popular at the time of writing the "Beggar's Opera," which has a song to the same measure. It certainly merits preservation.

I, like you, was born a woman,
Well I know what vapours mean;
The disease, alas! is common;
Single, we have all the spleen.

All the morals that they teach us
Never cured a sorrow yet:
Choose among the pretty fellows
One of humour, youth and wit.

Pr'ythee hear him every morning
At the least an hour or two;
Once again at night returning,
I believe the dose will do.

LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

O CLEAR that cruel doubting brow;
I'll call on mighty Jove
To witness this eternal vow;
'Tis you alone I love!

"O leave the god to soft repose,"
The smiling maid replies;
"For Jove but laughs at lovers' oaths,
And lovers' perjuries."

By honour'd Beauty's gentle pow'r;
By Friendship's holy flame!
"Ah! what is Beauty but a flow'r,
And Friendship but a name?"

By those dear tempting lips! I cried—
With arch ambiguous look
Convinced my CHLOE glanced aside,
And bid me "Kiss the book."

BRYAN EDWARDS.

WHEN ORPHEUS went down to the regions below,
Which men are forbidden to see,
He tuned up his lyre, as old histories show,
To set his EURYDICE free.

All hell was astonished a person so wise
Should rashly endanger his life,
And venture so far; but how vast their surprise
When they heard that he came for his wife!

To find out a punishment due for his fault
Old Pluto long puzzled his brain;
But hell had not torments sufficient, he thought,
So he gave him his wife back again.

But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his heart,
And pleased with his playing so well,
He took her again in reward of his art:
Such merit had music in hell.

LISLE.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which paint the blooming fair;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace
With open force defies;
But in the wrinkles of her face
Cupid in ambush lies.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And amorous warmth inspire;
Thro' glass who darts her pointed rays
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
My peace or bliss destroy;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And dead, she crowns my joy.

PULTENEY, *E. of Bath.*

CHLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite;
Yet, when I press her, she, in tears,
Denies her sole delight:

While CELIA, seeming shy and coy,
To all her favours grants,
And secretly receives that joy
Which others think she wants.

I would, but fear I never shall,
With either fair agree;
For CELIA will be kind to all,
But CHLOE won't to me.

OH! turn away those cruel eyes,
The stars of my undoing;
Or death in such a bright disguise
May tempt a second wooing.

Punish their blindly impious pride,
Who dare contemn thy glory;
It was my fall that deified
Thy name, and seal'd thy story.

Yet no new sufferings can prepare
A higher praise to crown thee;
Tho' my first death proclaim thee fair,
My second will dethrone thee.

Lovers will doubt thou canst entice
No other for thy fuel,
And, if thou burn one victim twice,
Think thee both poor and cruel.

THE merchant to secure his treasure
Conveys it in a borrow'd name;
EUPHELIA serves to grace my measure
But CHLOE is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
Upon EUPHELIA's toilet lay,
When CHLOE noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing EUPHELIA's praise,
I fix my soul on CHLOE's eyes.

Fair CHLOE blush'd; EUPHELIA frown'd;
I sung and gazed, I play'd and trembled;
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

GELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure;
Still the vain possessor's poor,
What are riches without pleasure?

Endless pains the miser takes
To increase his heaps of money,
Lab'ring bees his pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taste his honey;

Views with aching eyes his store,
Trembling lest he chance to lose it,
Pining still for want of more,
Tho' the wretch wants power to use it.
CELIA thus with endless arts
Spends her days, her charms improving,
Lab'ring still to conquer hearts,
Yet ne'er tastes the sweets of loving;

Views with pride her shape and face,
Fancying still she's under twenty;
Age brings wrinkles on apace,
While she starves with all her plenty.
Soon or late they both will find
Time their idol from them sever;
He must leave his gold behind,
Lock'd within his grave for ever.

CELIA's fate will still be worse,
When her fading charms deceive her,
Vain desire will be her curse
When no mortal will relieve her.
CELIA, hoard thy charms no more,
Beauty's like the miser's treasure;
Taste a little of thy store;
What is beauty without pleasure?

As the snow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the beauties, so the graces
Of the most bewitching faces
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant when degraded
Is despis'd and is upbraided
By the slaves he once control'd;
So the nymph, if none could move her,
Is condemn'd by every lover
When her charms are growing old.

Melancholic looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining
Are th' effects your rigours move;
Soft caresses, amorous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones, while your beauty's blooming
Use your time, lest age resuming
What your youth profusely lends,
You are robb'd of all your glories
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

CELIA, too late you would repent;
The offering all your store
Is now but like a pardon sent
To one that's dead before.

While at first you cruel proved,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hinder'd me of one I loved
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When first my court I made;
But when your falsehoods plain appear,
My love no longer stay'd.

Your bounty of those favours shown
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valued medals down,
And giving us the brass.

Oh! since the thing we beg 's a toy,
By lovers prized alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy
Before our love is gone?

WALSH.

If the quick spirit of your eye,
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet and every grace
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauty ever fade;
Then, Celia, fear not to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.

Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

Carew.

Late when love I seem'd to slight,
Phyllis smiled, as well she might;
"Now," said she, "our throne may tremble,
Men our province now invade,
Men take up our royal trade,
Men, even men, do now dissemble,
In the dust our empire 's laid."

Tutor'd by the wise and grave,
Loth I was to be a slave;
Mistress sounded arbitrary;
So I chose to hide my flame
Friendship, a discreeter name;
But she scorns one jot to vary,
She will love, or nothing, claim.

Be a lover, or pretend,
Rather than the warmest friend;
Friendship of another kind is,
Swedish coin of gross allay,
A cart-load will scarce defray;
Love, one grain is worth the Indies,
Only love is current pay.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain!
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
As metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine:

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
So love, as unperceived, did fly,
And centred in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid, at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart;
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a beauty, she
Employ'd the utmost of her art;
To make a lover, he.

Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find
Shadows to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itself thou sure wert drest
With that angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah; this image is too kind
To be other than a dream!
Cruel Saccharissa's mind
Never put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despised love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of LETHE, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so,
Softly in her sleeping ear
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

WALLER.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
Then there's at last no more to do;
The happy work's entirely done,
Enter the town which thou hast won.
The fruits of conquest now begin,
Io triumphe, enter in.

What's this, ye gods, what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secrecy.
Unlike to every other spright,
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
Nor appear'st, but in the light.

COWLEY.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangly spent) a year and more,
And still I did my part;

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise,
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolved to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief:
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight give,
Let's lose no time but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out forever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love
Only to feed her pride.

SUCKLING.

PURSUING beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasures of the land of love.

We women like weak Indians stand,
Inviting from our golden coast
The wandering rovers to our land;
But she who trades with them is lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart;
But by possession settle in,
They quickly act another part.

For beads and baubles we resign
In ignorance our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How he can court, or you be won;
For love is but discovery;
When that is made, the pleasure's done.

Come, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me thro' my eyes!

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true:
To make one mind sincere and fair,
Oh! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do!

STELLA and FLAVIA every hour
Do various hearts surprise;
In STELLA's soul is all her power,
And FLAVIA's in her eyes.
More boundless FLAVIA's conquests are,
And STELLA's more confined;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a heavenly mind.

STELLA like Britain's monarch reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants FLAVIA deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.
Then boast, fair FLAVIA, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store,
Each day that makes thy charms decrease
Will yield to STELLA more.

MRS. PILKINGTON.

CHLORIS, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he used to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
  Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
  But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

WALLER.

IN vain, dear CHLOE, you suggest
That I inconstant have possest
  Or loved a fairer she ;
Would you with ease at once be cured
Of all the ills you've long endured,
  Consult your glass, and me.

If then you think that I can find
A nymph more fair or one more kind,
  You've reason for your fears ;
But if impartial you will prove
To your own beauty or my love,
  How needless are your tears !

If in my way I should by chance
Receive or give a wanton glance,
  I like but while I view ;
How slight the glance, how faint the kiss,
Compared to that substantial bliss
  Which I receive from you !

With wanton flight the curious bee
From flower to flower still wanders free,

And, where each blossom blows,
Extracts the juice from all he meets;
But, for his quintessence of sweets,
He ravishes the rose.

So, my fond fancy to employ
On each variety of joy,
From nymph to nymph I roam;
Perhaps see fifty in a day:
These are but visits that I pay,
For CHLOE is my home.

SIR W. YONGE.

SHOULD some perverse malignant star
(As envious stars will sometimes shine)
Throw me from my FLORELLA far,
Let not my lovely fair repine
If in her absence I should gaze
With pleasure on another's face.

The weared pilgrim, when the sun
Has ended his diurnal race,
With pleasure sees the friendly moon,
By borrow'd light, supply his place:
Not that he slights the God of day,
But loves e'en his reflected ray.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fixt on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try,
Alas! I know but one proof more—
I'll bless your name and die.

LITTLE.

WHY will FLORELLA, while I gaze,
My ravisht eyes reprove,
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind,
And while I rove from fair to fair
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is every joy
Where nature has no part!
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles doom'd to roam
Meet pity every where;
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.*

* This song, closed by a beautiful and happy simile, may be regarded as a perfect model of the ingenious class.

THE END.

7404

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

0 013 159 822 1